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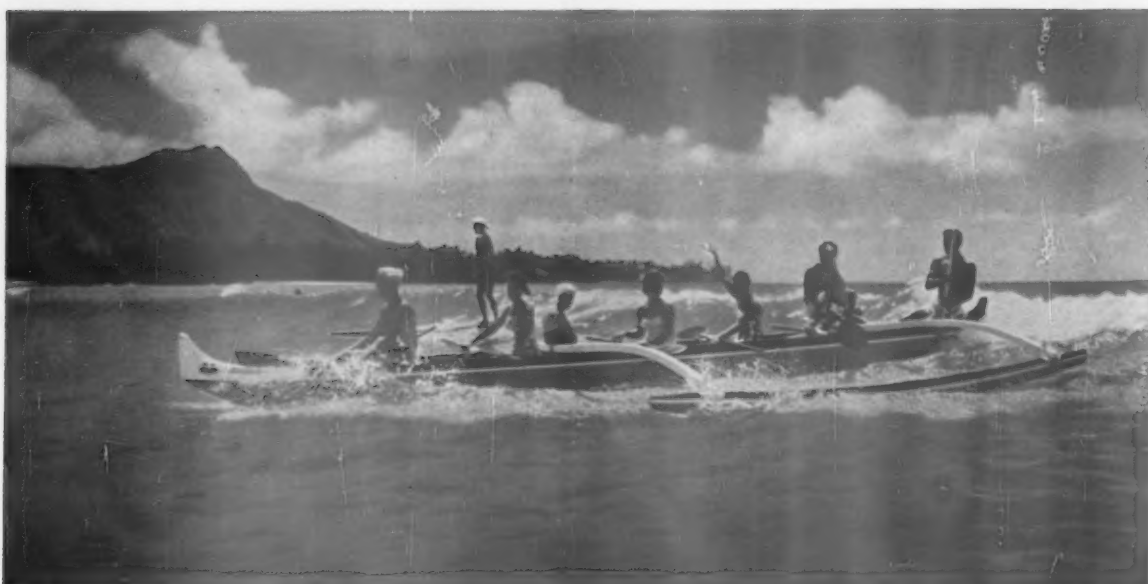
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My Ten Favorite Places - LOWELL THOMAS
Travelling with Nature - DONALD C. PEATTIE
'Rocket for London . . . ' - WILLY LEY
Travel Manners - AMY VANDERBILT
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Your

LETTERS

'A Magnificent Fate'

Muses THOMAS J. JACKMAN, *Rotarian Meat Retailer Sandgate, Australia*

Congratulations on *Peeps at Things to Come*, a very fine page of every issue of THE ROTARIAN. I am interested in that automatic shaver with a spring drive described in the October issue.

In this day and age of nuclear energy, what a magnificent fate it would be to travel from Australia in an atom-powered submarine liner to America [see *Peeps for October*] and cross that wonderful country on a rainbow row [see *Peeps for October*] using a spring-driven shaver. As the liner and the road are at the moment a bit futuristic, I would settle for an ordinary liner, any kind of road, and even an ordinary electric razor to see a country whose slogan could very well be "I Say and I Do."

'I'd Pick More Daisies'

Echoes ARTHUR J. KELLY, *Rotarian Manager, Milling Company Wichita, Kansas*

I noted with interest the symposium *If I Were 16 Again* [THE ROTARIAN for December]. Here is something I remember and I have always relished by Earl K. Hillbrand, a former member of the Rotary Club of Wichita and a dean at the University of Wichita. It is titled *I'd Pick More Daisies*:

If I were 16 again, I'd make more mistakes next time. I would relax. I would limber up. I would be sillier than I have been this trip. I would be less hygienic. I would take more chances. I would take more trips. I would eat more ice cream. I would have more moments, one after another, instead of living so many years ahead every day.

If I were 16 again, I would start barefooted earlier in the Spring and stay that way later in the Fall. I would have more dogs. I would have more sweethearts. I would have more headaches. I would go to more circuses. I would go to more dances. I'd pick more daisies!

A Branch for the VISA Tree

Reports J. T. DE ARAUJO, *Rotarian Poultry Raiser San Luis Obispo, California*

From time to time THE ROTARIAN has



"I bet my travel agent is sweating it out. I'm on time-payment plan."

carried feature articles as well as items in various departments concerning the Visiting International Students Association (VISA). Here is a "footnote" which we feel is interesting to Rotarians everywhere:

Last year we launched the VISA project in our Club by sponsoring from our local California State Polytechnical College six students from other nations. One of these students, Alfredo Chacon, from Guatemala, graduated last Spring in animal and dairy husbandry. He returned to his cattle ranch, taking our letter to the President of the Rotary Club of Guatemala City. Alfredo spoke before that Club on VISA, and the members became so enthusiastic about this service that they invited Alfredo to become a member of their Club. And what was the first thing they asked him to do? Organize a VISA program in the Rotary Club of Guatemala City!

Children's 'Love of Learning'

Noted by R. A. CHILDERS, *Rotarian Building-Products Manufacturer Houston, Texas*

Rebecca Reyher's *For the Love of Learning* [THE ROTARIAN for November] reminds me that our company set up a library some weeks ago for a specialized group: the children of our employees.

Now every day the shelves of what has been called "one of the strangest libraries in the circulating business" are visited by plant employees, parents intent on selecting good books for their children under 12.

We find that half of the books are out at all times. No book has yet been lost, and parents are enthusiastic about the plan, for as the wife of one employee has said, "It has been a wonderful thing because so many of us couldn't afford all of these books." An example of what she had in mind was an illustrated book of poetry that retails for \$5.

Our principal hope in establishing the library was that it would prove a way of getting good literature into the hands of children at an early age. We feel that where there is an appetite for good reading, there has been formed a foundation for a love of learning.

Another View on Inflation

From A. B. WELLBORN, *Rotarian Electric-Machine Manufacturer Schenectady, New York*

The view presented by Sumner H. Slichter [*Inflation: Two Views*, THE ROTARIAN for November] contained many well-reasoned, logical arguments, but I was completely puzzled by Point 4. In this paragraph he states that "under the present corporate income tax, the Government pays 52 percent of any wage concessions that a profit-making corporation grants. In other words, the Gov-

TRAVEL QUIZ (FOR JANUARY)



King Solomon's copper mines were in what is now:

- ☐ Israel ☐ Iran ☐ Iraq

Today modern Israelis extract copper in view of hills scarred by King Solomon's miners. Unfortunately, when he traveled with his newly minted coins, King Solomon couldn't buy The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. You can, though, and there's the protection of full refund if your checks are lost or stolen.

The Spice Islands are located in the:

- ☐ Atlantic Ocean ☐ Pacific Ocean ☐ Caribbean Sea

The Dutch claimed The Spice Islands (now called the Molucca Islands—located in the Pacific Ocean) during the 17th century. Spices were so valuable then that travelers carried them as currency. Nowadays it's wise to use The First National Bank of Chicago Travelers Checks. Only you can cash them; all you need is your signature.

Brides-to-be are fattened for marriage in:

- ☐ Japan ☐ Madagascar ☐ Nigeria

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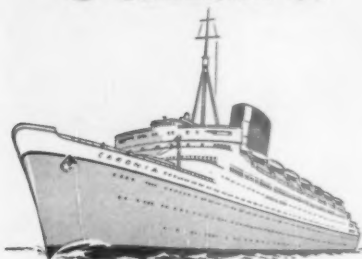


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ernment in effect subsidizes wage increases." He further intimates that it might be desirable to require "employers to wait for a year before counting increases as a deductible expense in computing corporate income-tax liability."

This leaves the impression that Dr. Slichter considers wages an income-tax exemption to be granted or not to be granted at will by the Government. This is a totally new concept to me and probably to most personnel of corporations charged with making a profit. The common understanding is that income tax is levied on income or profit. Wages, being one of the real and tangible costs, must be deducted from sales before income and resulting tax can be determined. I am sure this is as clear to Dr. Slichter as it is to you or me, so it leaves me wondering what his real objective is.

I might suggest that if he really wants to help the employer resist unwise and unwarranted wage increases, he could advocate less monopolistic bargaining power on the part of unions.

Re: Rotary-on-Stamps Unit

By DANIEL F. LINCOLN, Rotarian
Funeral Director
Jamestown, New York

The Editors will, I believe, be interested in knowing that following the announcement in the *Hobby Hitching Post* regarding the "Rotary-on-Stamps" unit of the American Topical Association [THE ROTARIAN for June, 1957], we received so many inquiries from Rotarians and others that a folder has been prepared which contains basic general information on the commemorative stamps issued to honor Rotary International's 50th Anniversary.

I shall be happy to send a copy of the folder to anyone who will send a U. S. 3-cent commemorative stamp and a post-paid return addressed envelope. Just address me at 421 East Second Street, Jamestown, New York.

I think this folder will help to answer the question which many Rotarians are asking with reference to Rotary commemoratives: "How do I go about it?"

Re: 'Free Riders'

By LEON B. HAMPTON, Rotarian
Industrial Relations Council Mgr.
Salt Lake City, Utah

In his "No" to the question *Should There Be Right-to-Work Laws?* [THE ROTARIAN for October] Abraham W. Brussell says: "Union representation leads to benefits for all the workers in the unit—for both union members and 'free riders.'"

Let's talk about "free riders." The 1956 edition of a "directory of national trade associations" issued by the United States Department of Commerce lists 2,000 national organizations of businessmen. The list also shows 15,000 non-profit regional agencies, the majority of which are State or local organizations. It is safe to assume that in not a single instance are members in these 17,000 organizations required to become members—and remain members—as a condi-

tion of operating their establishments or businesses in their respective areas. It is further safe to assume that in each and every one of these organizations there are "free riders" aplenty. They obtain and hold members solely because of the service they render.

It will be a great day for the worker when the union is required to obtain members and hold members—not by compulsion, but by solicitation based on the service it performs. That means a stronger union, a more democratic union. It means the members will have more voice in union affairs—that the officers will hold their jobs on the basis of merit. These officers will more likely cater to the goodwill of members and become more interested in each member's personal welfare.

While right-to-work laws are by no means a panacea for all labor's problems, they will go far toward granting to the worker the freedom of choice. "To be or not to be."

Right-to-Work Laws? Yes!

Says FRANCIS B. WILLMOTT, Rotarian
Automobile Manufacturer
Birmingham, England

Most assuredly there should be right-to-work laws! [Should There Be Right-to-Work Laws?, THE ROTARIAN for October].

The message of Arnold Bennett that "The real tragedy is the tragedy of the man who never in his life braces himself for his own supreme effort" would indeed be a supreme tragedy if all men be compelled to obey a doctrinaire system, or an organization, in such a way as to dissolve the freedom of choice! By what right have policemen on the shop floor at the elbows of the workers—in the guise of shop stewards—to be there at all, denying men the right to speak direct to the management to discuss any grievance in a man-to-man relationship and attitude of mind to dispel doubt and suspicion and to attract mutual respect and confidence? Men of courage and initiative do not prefer to speak through a third party, least of all through the cloudy and obscure atmosphere of a politically infiltrated organization.

Give to workers the right to a secret-ballot vote for or against trade-union membership to learn the truth; at the same time guarantee employment to all nonunion members. You will then get a genuine democracy freed of the shackles of restraint imposed by a militant power—a power without responsibility.

Vacationeering

*My trip was fine and yours was grand!
Mine on sea and yours on land—
Details don't matter. Stop the stuff!
Let's face it, friend. We've had enough.
It should be obvious to you
There's one thing each of us must do:
Let's hurry while our thoughts still
glisten,
And find some chumps who'll really
listen.*

—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

THE ROTARIAN

THIS ROTARY MONTH

NEWS FROM 1600 RIDGE AVENUE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

PRESIDENT. Back in his native U.S.A. after two and one-half months of Rotary visits in Europe, Africa, and Ibero-America (see page 7), President Charles G. Tennent made a brief visit to his home in Asheville, N. C., then returned to his office at Rotary's headquarters in Evanston, Ill., where he was to make preparations for the midyear meeting of the Board of Directors and final plans for still more visits to Rotary Clubs.

HONORS. While visiting Rotary Clubs in South America, President Tennent was decorated by three countries. Reported earlier in these pages was the Brazilian award of the "Order of the Southern Cross." In Chile he received the "Order of Merit," and in Peru the "Order of Merit for Distinguished Services."

MEETINGS. Nominating Committee for President...January 17-18.....Evanston, Ill.
Board of Directors.....January 20-25.....Evanston, Ill.
Rotary Foundation Fellowships and
International Student Exchange
Committee.....January 25-28.....Evanston, Ill.

GUBERNATORIAL CHANGES. To fill the Governorship left vacant by the death of Jose Filometor Cuesta, of Ambato, Ecuador, the Board elected Luis Alberto Cordovez, of Guayaquil, Ecuador, as Governor of District 440. Because of a change in business, District Governor Benjamin Aguirre Amenabar, of Santiago, Chile, resigned and the Board elected as Governor of District 474 Juan Chiorrini Alveti, of Rancagua, Chile, who served as Governor in 1956-57.

FELLOWSHIP AWARDS. The screening of applications for 1958-59 Rotary Foundation Fellowships awards now over, the final processing comes this month when the Foundation Fellowships and International Student Exchange Committee meets to select those who will receive awards. Winners will be announced soon thereafter.

BIRTHDAY. "The Rotarian" Magazine observes its 47th birthday this month, an occasion which will be celebrated by Rotary Clubs in many parts of the world during "Rotary's Magazine Week," the dates being January 19-25. The theme of the observance is "If You Were the Editor."

TRAVEL TIP. In this Travel Issue are peregrination pointers on many topics from travel therapy to travel manners to travel places. A place of special interest to Rotarians should be Dallas, Tex. (see page 68), site of Rotary's 49th Convention, June 1-5. Pre- and post-Convention tours are being arranged; things are shaping up. Put Dallas in your plans.

VITAL STATISTICS. On November 25 there were 9,628 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 451,000 Rotarians in 107 countries and geographical regions. New Clubs since July 1, 1957, totalled 123.

The Object of Rotary:

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and in particular to encourage and foster:

(1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

(2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

(3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.

(4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

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The Editors' WORKSHOP

WHEN Dr. Tómasson dropped into our work shop several weeks ago to give us his manuscript, he also gave us an author's note saying: "This article is not intended to deal with the deep significance of travel for Moslems to Mecca or believers to Lourdes or cases like the tailor who travelled in a twilight state from his northern home town to wake up in Venice, seasick because he was not a sailor. It is more of an attempt to analyze a few main principles which peculiarly enough do not seem to have been pointed out previously." He was surprised, he said, to find that there is almost nothing on the subject in the literature of his field, which he searched carefully in Europe as well as at home. Pioneering of a profound and helpful sort, we feel.

THIS is our regular January, 1958, issue, but it is themed, front to back, to travel—as was our January, 1957, issue. The thought is that travel is a top interest of Rotarians and that it is a principal means by which they make good on their aim to advance "international understanding, goodwill, and peace." In any case, here we are with a somewhat larger issue than usual, with an unusually notable contributorship. And how nice these authors and artists were to us! All seemed eager to help us with the big project. Typical case: Willy Ley. Enormously busy these days, with newspapers, book publishers, broadcasters, and lecture audiences clamoring for his knowledge, Mr. Ley nevertheless offered to help our artist on the illustrations for his article—if we'd come down to his hotel. We expected ten minutes, got a pleasant hour during which Mr. Ley and Chicago illustrator Franz Altschuler sketched rockets and talked of Brennschluss and during which we shot this picture of them. . . . Of course, this



Our Cover



OBVIOUSLY, it's a mass of travel posters—37 by actual count. Gathering them from various agencies of tourism, we put the posters in the hands of Staff Artists Frank Follmer and Bob Hasle and they spread them all over the floor of Robert Koropp Photography, Proprietor Bob then shooting down on the huge layout from somewhere near the ceiling.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

issue took some extra doing here in this workshop and we bow to all our colleagues for their effort and in particular

to Assistant Editor Bob Placek, who drew the assignment of developing manuscript materials. . . .

Here's a letter

this morning from a piano man in California who says he's going to Europe and wants to make up his Rotary attendance every week while away. How can he do it? He can take Fred Barton's advice and travel with Rotary's *Official Directory* in his pocket. It gives him all the data he needs on when and where Clubs meet and who's in charge. . . . But he might like also to have in his pocket *Your Passport to Friendship* issued by Rotary International. It's a small leaflet which helps you plan your Rotary visits and record what happened during them. Your Club Secretary should have a supply. If he hasn't, just request some from Rotary International. They are 6 cents apiece—in any quantity.

HAPPY NEW YEAR to all! May it be a good one throughout our galaxy.—Eds.

THE ROTARIAN

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

A seasoned free-lancer, FRED B. BARTON is also a seasoned Rotary attendee. An Akron, Ohio, Rotarian for two years, he has "made up" at Clubs in all parts of the U.S.A. and in Europe. An ex-advertising man and war correspondent, he is the author of several books and many magazine articles. He is a brother of "Adman" BRUCE BARTON.



Barton

PARKE CUMMINGS, a Connecticut humorist, has been free-lancing to the book and magazine industries ever since his graduation from Harvard in 1925. He has a wife and two children—yes, John and Patsy.



Korth

For more than a decade, JOHN T. FREDERICK has reviewed books for this Magazine. He has been a professor at several universities, is now teaching at Notre Dame. He owns a farm near Alpena, Mich., is an honorary Rotarian.

Frederick

ROGER W. TRUESDAIL, conductor of the *Peeps at Things to Come* department, is president of a research laboratory in Los Angeles, Calif., and is a member of that city's Rotary Club. . . . BOB KEYS (below), illustrator of Naturalist Peattie's article, studied at Chicago's Art Institute, is now in a Chicago art studio. He likes skiing, is proud of his four children and of his awards from the Art Directors Club of Chicago.



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HELGI TÓMASSON

DR. MED.

REYKJAVÍK, ICELAND

The Psychotherapeutic Value of Travel

By Helgi Tómasson.

PSYCHOTHERAPY presupposes that there is ailment which can be attacked wholly or partly by psychological means. The essence of psychological action is to influence the state of mind of an individual. This can be accomplished either from within through the individual's own ideas or from without through his incoming sensations. Of influences coming from without, usually the first is the diffuse sensation of "nearness of another soul," another human being, then the spoken and written word, then the sensations of all other surroundings.

The ailment may vary from the slightest disappointment to an unbearable psychical stress, or from a minor affection like a toothache to fatal morbid conditions. In all these cases, psychotherapy may be of immeasurable value and the only helpful thing to use.

Travel is essentially a change of place, well outside the radius of our daily activity. It is not travel for me to go to my Summer house, but it is for anybody else. A change of place implies not only a change of surroundings, but of people as well. Let us examine quite briefly the basis for the possible psychotherapeutic effect of these two main components of our surroundings.

The surrounding landscape, climate, weather, house, et cetera, through centripetal impulses, affect the contents of our minds as well as many of our bodily functions. We become rooted in our surroundings. To change them is to disrupt our everyday impressions. This may be disturbing, but no change of them may also have adverse effects. People living in isolated places are affected by the monotony of the same impressions. They become hypersensitive to all major changes. In Arctic places some people go "wild" with the dawn of Summer. Evidently some changes of surroundings, compatible with the maturity of the individual, are necessary for normal mental development and health.

Of our surroundings, however, probably the most important are the *other human beings*, because "man is man's delight" (*Hávamál*). They affect us directly through the impressions we get of them, probably through so-called "sympathetic understanding"—subconscious, involuntary imitation of their individuality—or they affect us indirectly by their thoughts and actions. And reciprocally we affect them the same ways.

During our mental maturation our contact with other people increases, and finally our mental make-up is the result of mental fertilization of our endowed characters with all those with whom we have come into contact throughout life.

If for some reason our contacts are significantly restricted, the monotony of impressions creates in us a disagreeable feeling of lack, preliminary to a state of tension, which often compels us to live more to ourselves, to

become more self-centered and therefore more sensitive to new incoming impressions, when they one day wake us up. As I have mentioned, people living in great isolation frequently become apprehensive, suspicious, easily frightened, or elated. Similarly but on a lesser scale, isolation creates this same feeling of lack in us in everyday life in civilized countries. However, we suppress these feelings more or less, often with the result that we develop a "neurosis." Groups, societies, and even whole communities can experience these states.

The intelligent modern man tries to get rid of his disagreeable state of an inner lack of something by taking active steps. He goes and mixes with other people on the principle that:

*If a friend thou hast
whom thou fully wilt trust,
Then fare and find him oft.
For brambles grow
and waving grass
on a rarely trodden road.*

—*Hávamál*—The elder Edda

Happily the opportunities for modern people to go and mix with other people have vastly increased, thanks to shipping, railways, bicycles, motorcycles, automobiles, airplanes, etc. As journeys increase in length and the mental strain of keeping in contact increases, it becomes more and more necessary for people to relax en route. Therefore, ever-increasing comfort in the modes of travel is of paramount importance in helping people keep fit. In the present age few groups have a higher mission to perform than the travel people—the travel agencies, the carriers, and the rest. Few groups can contribute more to the ease of mind of the individual, to understanding between nations, and to the happiness of the human race.

Nothing brings people to people like travel. Then you sense other people directly by "sympathetic understanding." And all the impressions from your new surroundings thicken your roots, so that you can better stand the storms of life. The direct perceptions of other people and places are one of the essential values of travel, and in so far as the impressions gained contribute to the alleviation of ailments, travel may be of great psychotherapeutic value.

The fine means of travel today and the still better ones coming tomorrow seem tools the Creator is using to advance the very soul of man, which some people find lagging behind in the age of atomic technology.

For those who, like Rotarians, work under heavy daily stress and have to maintain extensive contacts, travel is obviously of great importance. It is mental prophylaxis for these men. Travelling Rotarians have an advantage over many other business and professional men. Wherever they go Rotarians have no difficulty in finding men of similar interests, owing to the classification principle of the membership in Rotary. For travelling Rotarians, the Rotary Clubs of the world become Mental-Health Sanatoria, where we may drop in for a check-up and a brief stay. Almost always we wish it could be longer.

Practically whoever you are, or wherever you are, travel contributes to your mental maturation. For some of you it is an absolute necessity for the cure of many of the wounds of life, or to prevent these—in short, to preserve the vigor of your mind and body, your health and well-being.

A psychiatrist professionally well known in many countries, Dr. Tómasson directs Iceland's State Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases and lectures at its national university. Long a member of the Rotary Club of Reykjavik, he was a Director of Rotary International in 1950-51.





Photo: Studio de Paris

With *Buzz and Jess*



FEW travellers log more miles or work harder for understanding than does the President of Rotary International. As its top ambassador and administrative head, he visits as many of the 9,600 Clubs as he can . . . to counsel, to learn, to bind. That's what Charles G. ("Buzz") Tennent, of North Carolina, U.S.A., was doing a few weeks ago on the storied Ivory Coast of Africa. He was counselling with, learning from, and binding closer into Rotary's world fellowship the 29 members of the year-old Rotary Club of Abidjan, I. C., French West Africa. Of course he and his wife, Jess, enjoyed it all—and high in their enjoyment was a ladies' night dinner which embraced also many a distinguished local guest. During that evening President Buzz had a special chance to inspect a seven-foot specimen of the product which gave this tropic shore its famous name . . . and to learn of the trade in tusks from the Club's Vice-President, Guy Aubert. . . . Next month—a multipage report on the President's European, African, and Ibero-American travels.

on the IVORY COAST





Lowell Thomas:

I HAVE just come back from the jungle between the Orinoco and Amazon Rivers in Venezuela. There I saw a tepid tropic stream that takes a one-mile plunge off a rocky cliff to the green plain below.

The region in which you find this highest of waterfalls is sometimes called *The Lost World*. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave it that name 45 years ago in a novel by that title. You may remember the book—or the famous film that was based on it. Incidentally, neither the author nor the film company got anywhere near the place, nor did they try. They worked from information won by a British expedition that had penetrated into the area within 100 miles of the place I reached a few days ago.

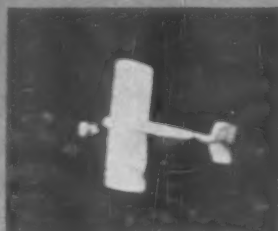
And what a place! Lofty plateaus loom high above the jungle, rising like gigantic cliffs. On top these plateaus the climate and the flora and fauna are far different from those just below in the jungle. Here is indeed a *Lost World*.

Since Conan Doyle's time, the largest of these plateaus has been discovered and partially explored. The discoverer was an American soldier of fortune, adventurer, and aviator named Jimmy Angel. He heard about the plateau, so he said, from a prospector who

had tramped the region, and who had told him of a river where you could scoop up gold nuggets by the handful. Jimmy Angel got the prospector to fly back there with him, the prospector refusing to give the adventurer a map but agreeing to direct the flight.

Reaching one of the plateaus, they made a landing, and the prospector did indeed scoop up nuggets from the stream. They flew back to Panama City, and soon afterward the prospector died. Jimmy Angel then spent several years flying over this wild region trying to relocate the spot. Claiming he had relocated it, he also declared he had found the loftiest waterfalls in the world. The exact date of his discovery of the falls has never been established. All the accounts I

have ever seen say that he found them in 1937, but I am sure it was earlier. Jimmy Angel went back to the place in 1937 with another expedition, and cracked up on the plateau. His plane is still there. He and two others with him eventually got off the pla-



Wright



IT IS hard to keep the tenses straight when you are presenting Lowell Thomas. When he landed on this story, he had, as he says in it, just returned from the Venezuelan jungle. But that same afternoon he was taking off from Idlewild for Central Africa. Now, as you read this—well, we doubt that even his staff in Rockefeller Center, New York, could offhand tell you just where he is.

High Adventure largely accounts for Mr. Thomas' current comings and goings. That is the name of his new Columbia Broadcasting System television show which in seven monthly one-hour installments will take viewers into that many rare and almost inaccessible places of the earth. Two camera crews are out making the color-sound movies for the show—and "L. T." personally joins up with each on location. Viewers will see him at Angel Falls in January. The photo at left shows him and a crewman below the Falls.

Coming and going is, of course, nothing new to Lowell Thomas. (He and his wife, Frances, gave up counting their ocean crossings when the count was 100 in 1922.) Travel is his business—travel for his Cinerama productions (four), for his books (45), and for his radio news program (28 continuous years). Ohio-born, he was schooled in Colorado and Indiana, earned his M.A. at Princeton University, and started his career as a newspaper reporter. He'll be 66 in April.

His Ten Favorite Places—the numerals on them indicate only the order in which he gave them to us, not his order of preference. "It was hard enough," he says, "to decide on the ten."

—The Editors

MY TEN FAVORITE PLACES

teau after almost starving to death. Jimmy died in 1956.

Auyantepui is the name of the plateau I'm describing. It is approximately 250 square miles. Its summit rises to a maximum altitude of 8,300 feet. The valley floor below it is at about 3,000-foot altitude. It is down this 5,000-foot difference that the waterfall plunges—and turns completely to mist on the way. This is Angel Falls, often called the "eighth wonder of the world." It is 15 times as high as Niagara, more than three times as high as the Empire State Building. I name it first among my ten favorite places only because I have just come from there and near-by Canaima.

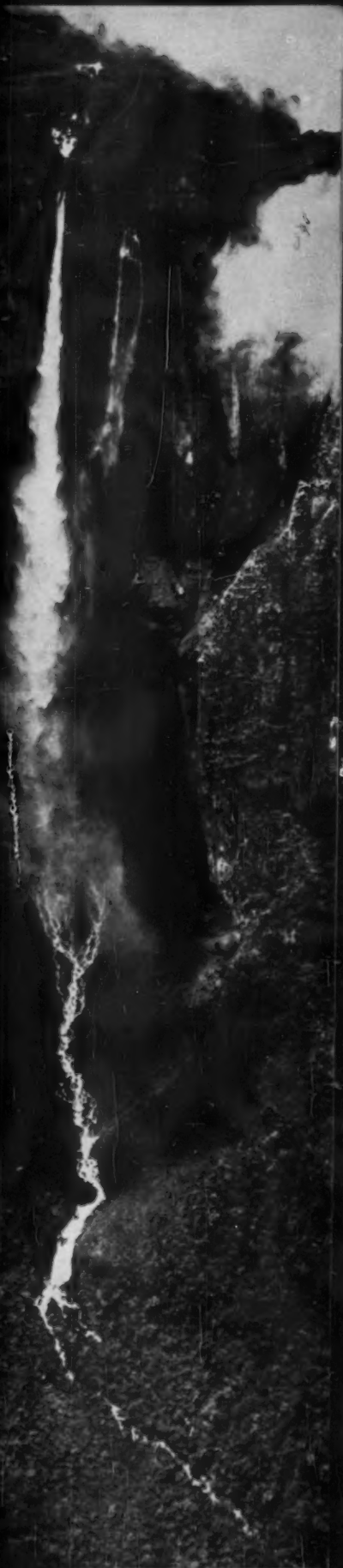
My second favorite place is a general area rather than a specific spot—the Berkshires region. My home is in the lower Berkshires, 75 miles north of Manhattan Island, in the southeastern corner of Dutchess County, New York. That is where the Berkshires really begin. They run on into Massachusetts, where they are higher. Then they go still higher as the Green Mountains in Vermont and as the White Mountains in New Hampshire.

That entire region is to me one of the most beautiful in the world. I particularly like it because of the four distinct seasons which, I think, make the perfect climate for man. In Autumn there is nothing more beautiful than the Berkshires around my home or the Green Mountains or the Laurentians running northward through Canada.

My third choice is a complete contrast to the Berkshires. It is the Rub' al-Khali. In Arabic that means Land of Emptiness. It is the Great Desert of Southern Arabia. It is a land of singing sands—literally. It is a land of gorgeous sand mountains. For thousands of years it had never been penetrated. Then a British explorer led an expedition into it in 1931, and another Briton penetrated it later in the '30s. My own son flew into the heart of it in his small single-engine plane and landed. My wife and I flew over it at 100 feet for hundreds of miles a few years ago.

The heat in the Rub' al-Khali makes it impossible for man to live. Also, it was a waterless desert until oil companies sank deep artesian wells and tapped an ocean of water underneath the sands. Now there is no reason why someone cannot put a resort of some kind right in the middle of the Rub' al-Khali. It would be almost "out of this world," if it were planned and constructed along lines governed by good taste in such matters.

I like islands, and of the islands of the world there are many I would like to name. In the South Seas alone there are scores. But every time I go back to the Hawaiian Islands, I have the feeling that they come as near to being paradise on earth as anything in the Tropics or sub-Tropics. There are some people who say the Islands are being spoiled by tourists. I haven't found that





LOWER BERKSHIRES

2.

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

(Above: N. Y. Central R. R.; right: Hawaii Visitors Bureau; below: Petroleum Week)



4.

THE HAWAIIAN IS.

true. Their beauty continues to be something hard to match. The people are attractive, both the native Hawaiians and the mixed groups: the Chinese and the Hawaiian, the Japanese and the Hawaiian, the Portuguese and the Hawaiian, the French and the Hawaiian, the Scottish and the Hawaiian. And then the climate, of course, is forever gentle, fresh, and impossible to top. I go back there quite often.

My fifth selection is Lhasa, which is the capital of Inner Tibet. There are two Tibets: Outer Tibet and Inner Tibet. Outer Tibet is inhabited by people of Tibetan stock, but it lies in India and Pakistan and China, and so on, many Tibetans having migrated from Inner Tibet to these other countries. Most of the books on Tibet have been written by people who were in Outer Tibet and never got to Inner Tibet. Inner Tibet is so difficult to get to that it has been a great goal of travellers for many centuries.

Not many Westerners have been to Inner Tibet. My son and I were the sixth and seventh Americans ever to penetrate Lhasa. We were also the last, excepting one American who fled from the Reds in Outer Mongolia. You can't go to Inner Tibet without permission, but many years ago a young Englishman got into Lhasa without an invitation and later wrote a very interesting book called *To Lhasa in Disguise*. Long since an American citizen, he is a



SAUDI ARABIA

RUB' AL-KHALI

3.

THE ROTARIAN

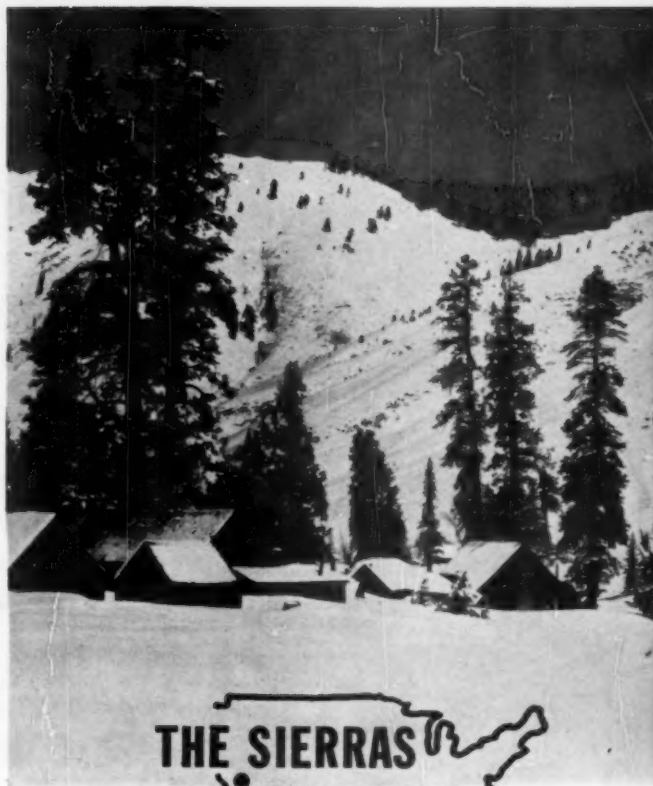
professor at Northwestern University. His name is William M. McGovern.*

Lhasa is a sort of Shangri-La, a fabulous place. It inspired James Hilton to write his novel *Lost Horizon*. The people, the civilization, are as if they were on another planet.

The sixth place on my list is in the Sierras in California. Again, this is more an area than one spot. I include in this choice all the giant redwood country. To me the ancient redwoods, living when Christ was born, are one of the most inspiring sights in the world. I go to the redwoods almost every year and camp at a place called Bohemian Grove, north of San Francisco. Another part of the redwoods area which I especially favor is called Mineral King. It is very difficult to get to. In the Wintertime when I last went in it was almost impossible to reach. It is in the mountains, just west of the highest peak in the United States, Mount Whitney. It is in the Sequoia National Forest, south of Sequoia National Park, and it's gorgeous!

Among my ten favorite places would be my favorite city—London. It is not easy to say why a city is your favorite. In my case I suppose it is colored partly by the fact that when I was quite young, 27 years old, I experienced what I suppose was the major triumph of my life. I spoke in London, and more than a million people came to hear me. I told the story of Palestine and of the Arabian campaigns,

*Professor McGovern has been an active member of the Rotary Club of Evanston, Illinois, since 1946.



THE SIERRAS
6. CALIF., U.S.A.

5.
TIBET
LHASA



(Top: Ward; above: United Press)



ENGLAND
LONDON

and I told publicly for the first time the story of Lawrence of Arabia, who was unknown until I came back from the First World War. I had been an observer with Lawrence, as I had been with General Allenby in the Palestine campaign.

London to me is—well, there is something about London that especially appeals. So does Paris, so does Rome, so does San Francisco, so does Hong Kong, so does Melbourne, so does Johannesburg—the list is infinite. But London, I think, is the tops of all the cities of the earth.

My next choice: Nearly all people love the place where they were born, or where they spent their youth. And if you grew up in a place that is spectacular, it always remains one of your favorite places. I spent my youth in a region with an altitude of 10,000 feet. Few people live at 10,000 feet on this planet. There are some who do, in Tibet, in the Andes, and in North America, but no one anywhere else does.

I lived at 10,000 feet in a gold-mining camp in the Rockies on the western side of what is known as the front range. Pikes Peak is in the front range. My father was a mining surgeon in a gold-mining camp in the Cripple Creek district. We lived above Victor at a place called Altman, actually above 10,000 feet, and up there you could look for 100 miles in three directions. It is one of the most thrilling vistas in

the world. The mountains in the distance are the Sangre de Cristo—meaning the Blood of Christ. The great arc of the Sangre de Cristo is one of the sights of the world.

Another one of my favorite places is on the Southern Coast of Alaska. It is called Glacier Bay. There are more glaciers feeding down from the Alaskan coastal range in Glacier Bay than anywhere else that I know of in the world. They make one of the most spectacular sights anywhere. If you are in a boat, it is spectacular; if you are in an airplane, it is hair-raising.

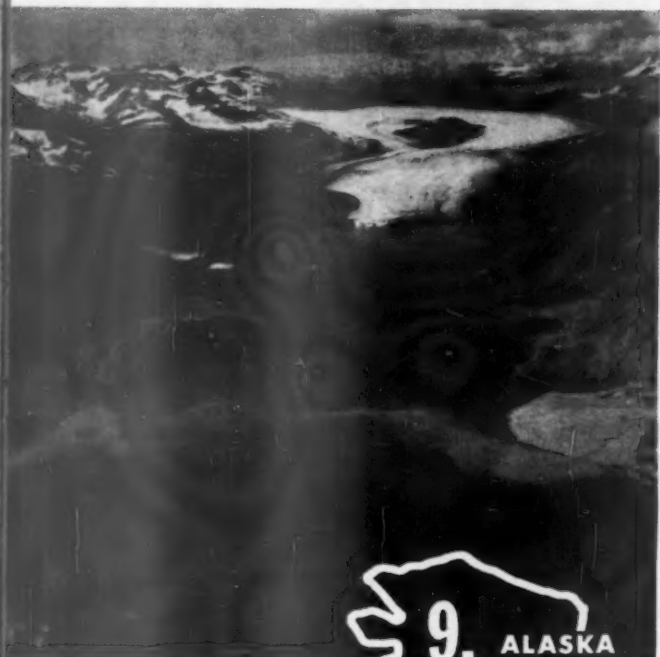
The tenth place on my list is in Equatorial Africa. It is called Mutwanga and is on the Congo slope of the Ruwenzori Mountains at an altitude of 6,000 feet. From Mutwanga you look down on the Semliki River. You also look down on the Ituri Forest, one of the largest forests on earth. That is where the pygmies live. You also look out over Albert National Park, which is the number one place for big game in Africa. It is protected there.

There you have my ten favorite places in the world, but there are many others I count as favorites, too. I hate to leave them out. I hate to leave out New Zealand, including both North and South Islands . . . and Darjeeling, in West Bengal on the southern slope of the Himalayas. I lived just above Darjeeling for a time, and wrote a book there about Afghanistan. From my mountain place on Tiger Hill I could look 100 miles in the distance to Mount

FRONT RANGE-



(Top) B. I. S.; (above) Denver & Rio Grande R. R.



Everest. The second-highest mountain in the world, Mount Kanchenjunga, was directly in front of me, looming up to 28,000 feet.

The Valley of Kashmir, surrounded by the great mountains of the Western Himalayas, holds special appeal for me. This is the place about which one of the great Mongol emperors said, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this." I must include Sikkim, a semi-independent State in the Himalayas, and the Irrawaddy River, on which my wife and I once had a river steamer and sailed up and down it for 1,000 miles. That was long ago.

One of the most interesting places in the world is in the Hunza Valley, in the Karakoram Mountains in Northern Kashmir. It is a paradise. The people are supposed to live longer there and be healthier than anywhere else in the world. They live on barley and apricots to a very large extent—not on meat.

The Island of Ceylon—how much I like it. It is a tropical paradise, inhabited largely by people of great charm. The costumes are lovely, the elephants unforgettable. Another favorite is Assiniboine Mountain in Western Canada, not far from Banff. A very spectacular mountain.

Then in Japan is the city of Kyoto, which has great charm. Another fascinating place is the Island of Hong Kong. Its Repulse Bay will always be one of my favorite spots. One of the most delightful cities

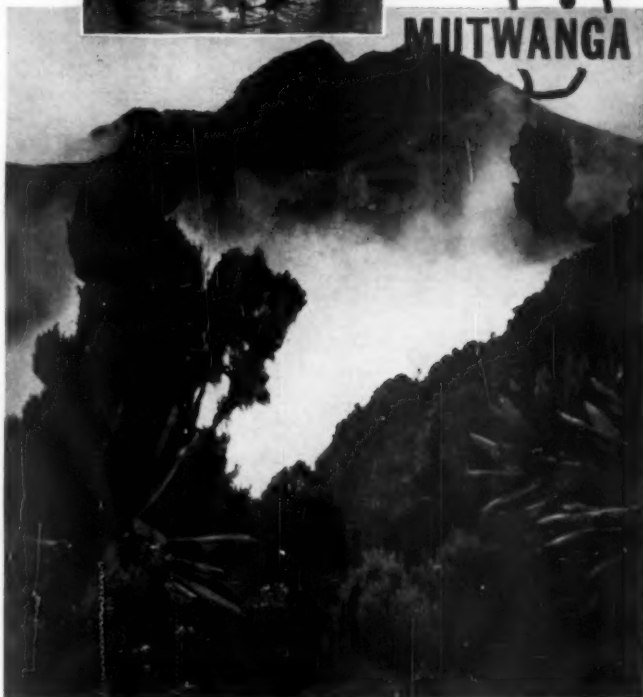
on earth is Marrakesh, at the foot of the Atlas Mountains in North Africa.

Another beautiful city, one with lovely surroundings, is Beirut in Syria. The Lebanon Mountains form a backdrop for it. Then to me there is no place more fascinating than Jerusalem. Just to stand on the mountains and look down on it and think of the history that has passed by there is to me a deeply moving experience. Rome's pageantry of the past makes it another of my favorite cities.

One of my favorite places in South America is Quito, a fabulous city in Ecuador. It has great charm, high mountains, a wonderful climate, and cathedrals coated with gold.

In Arizona I like the Santa Catalina Mountains behind Tucson. My son and I went up into them in the Wintertime and found excellent snow conditions. We organized a ski club there during World War II, and it still is in existence. In Europe I have many favorite places that are ski centers: Davos in the Swiss Alps, and a dozen other Winter spots in the Swiss, Austrian, French, and Italian Alps.

Then—to close—there's the world of beautiful little towns, and one of the most beautiful is Princeton, New Jersey. I don't know where you can find a town that has more to offer than Princeton. But then I admit to a bias in the matter. I'm a loyal and loving alumnus of dear Old Nassau.



Some surprising data on the travelling Rotarians do—and on how they're fêted.

Author and Journalist; Rotarian, Akron, Ohio

The principal speaker will talk in *der Muttersprache*, and if you don't understand German you will be forgiven if you slip out quietly after he begins. But your table mates speak excellent English. They have travelled. Some of them have probably visited your home region, perhaps even your home city.

So you begin to see that attending Rotary meetings once a week is not at all a treadmill. Every Club is slightly different, each with its own unique qualities. Every Club gives you something to remember: The singing in New York's Commodore Hotel. The neat way the Washington, D. C., Rotary Club assigns you to a numbered table—and follows up with a freshly mimeographed list of all out-of-town visitors, with which you can table-hop to speak to other

"An identification badge for your pocket, sir. . . . A make-up card to send home to your Secretary. . . . This little

AND SEE THE WORLD

guests you may know, and which you pocket to take home to show your admiring family. (Did this idea originate in Paris, France? Rotarians there have done the same thing for many years.) The mass "Hello, George!" (or whatever your name is) you get when you are introduced to the Club in Attleboro, Massachusetts. The jokes of the Sergeant at Arms in Johnstown, New York. The excellent speech on satellites and space research you heard in Taunton, Massachusetts.

Just how much Rotarians visit back and forth in the course of any year is beyond human estimate. If Joe Smith of the downtown Houston, Texas, Club sees that he is going to miss the usual meeting Thursday noon, he can make up at suburban North Side on Monday, Harrisburg on Tuesday, or South End on Wednesday. This sort of thing is understood by everybody. We all visit around, within our normal sphere of activity.

It is when Joe Smith of Houston, Texas, drops in, at considerable expense and perhaps some inconvenience, to attend a Rotary meeting in some far corner of the world that making up attendance begins to be spectacular. "We've had members hire a taxi for a mad ride of maybe 50 miles to make up attendance somewhere in Europe," Houstonites tell you gleefully. A surprising number of the best-travelled members maintain perfect records.

How much visiting back and forth goes on?

To get some facts and figures, your Editors sent identical letters of inquiry to twoscore Clubs spotted around the world—not any carefully picked group of Clubs, but Clubs in what you might call world travel centers. The replies were interesting.

Let's make it clear, however, that this is not a contest. No comparisons are intended. We can't even give you figures which would stand comparison, because in many Clubs there are repeat visits by the same persons. Thus, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, reports "some of the same people have been coming here for 20 Winters," and each such may represent from five to 25 visits in the attendance charts.

So let's not have any hurt feelings in this matter. If your Club has had more visitors than some Club cited here, more power to you! This information is collected for reading purposes only—and perhaps to demonstrate that Rotarians are not stay-at-homes but young in spirit, active, vigorous, and on the move. First and last, Rotarians do a lot of travelling.

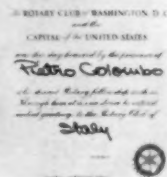
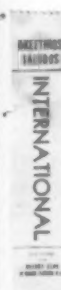
Lisbon, Portugal, gets a lot of air and sea tourists, being a handy landing spot for visitors from both North and South America. During 1956-57, 289 Rotarian visitors made up at its 104-member Rotary Club. They came from 27 countries.

Fifteen hundred Rotarians from 29 countries visited the Rotary Club of Bombay, India. The Singapore Club hosted 212 from 27 lands. Hong Kong had 427; San Francisco, California, 4,035; Panama City, Panama, 225; Vancouver, British Columbia, 1,336; Quebec, Quebec, 438; Oslo, Norway, 646; Havana, Cuba, 1,523; New Orleans, Louisiana, 1,376.

Add up the figures, and you find that 23 Clubs with a total membership of 6,786 hosted 50,905 Rotarian visitors! Now, these are mostly large Clubs in well-known cities, but Rotarians in smaller Clubs do a surprising amount of entertaining and visiting. One typical Club I know has 70 members and entertained 12 Rotarian visitors from abroad last year. During the same year, six Club members travelled on two other continents.

New York's 466-member Club has a huge number of guests each year. From long experience, this Club has developed a businesslike system of handling out-of-towners—efficient, yet you don't feel rushed or overlooked. Last year it entertained 4,670 "make-uppers" from within the United States and 1,066 others from 60 different countries of the world. The Club's International Service Committee sees that distant visitors receive superhospitality, which even extends to finding an interpreter for the occasional V. R. (visiting Rotarian) who does not speak English.

The Rotary Club of Tokyo, Japan, goes one giant step further. At the five (Continued on page 54)



booklet about our town. . . The banner of our Club." Great is the variety of devices Rotary Clubs use to make the visitor welcome.

The Sunny Isles for Me

'The best time to visit the West Indies is as soon as you can.'



By ELEANOR EARLY

Massachusetts-born Eleanor Early has ten travel books to her credit. The latest is Washington Holiday. Once a kindergarten teacher, then a reporter for a Boston newspaper, later a free-lance magazine writer who toured Africa, Europe, and the West Indies in search of material, she has become a leading travel author. She now makes her home in New York City.



ONCE upon a time a trip to the West Indies was for rich people only. Now the islands are for everybody.

The first Caribbean cruises were dreamed up to fill the mid-Winter travel lull and were booked by sophisticated travellers who disliked crossing the Atlantic in stormy weather. In those days only the wealthy few could afford the time and money for a Winter holiday. But as time went on, people began to travel who had never travelled before, and cruising became big business.

Then along came air travel. In the last few years the airplane has made the West Indies easily accessible, and almost overnight the Caribbean has become one of the most popular travel areas in the world.

It is almost 20 years since I "discovered" the West Indies. I sailed from Boston on a freighter bound for Trinidad. St. Thomas was our first port of call, and we put in to Charlotte Amalie* at dawn. A pink light flooded the sky and the ocean, and I remember

* A Rotary Club was formed here in October, 1957, making the Virgin Islands the 107th country or geographic division on Rotary's world roster of Clubs.

Photos: (below) BWIA; (right) PAA



the way the town rose out of the sea, the red-roofed houses on the hills, the flamboyant trees, and the cactus that flamed like pillars of gold. I thought that I had never seen anything so beautiful. And at 5 o'clock in the morning I fell head over heels in love with a tropical island.

The farther south we sailed, the harder I fell. By the time we reached Trinidad I knew that it was going to be forever. And on the way home I stopped in Dominica, where I rented the shabby Big House of an old plantation. The house had a marble ballroom and a bath that was big enough to swim in. The rent was \$35 a month, and I lived there for almost a year.

Later I lived in Tortola, in a little modern house on Half Moon Bay; and in Haiti, in a big gingerbread place in the hills of Pétion Ville. I have since made many trips to the islands, travelling by cruise ship, freighter, and plane.

A few months ago I went island hopping and visited 18 islands in eight weeks. Some of them were large islands, but they were mostly little, offbeat places. It was fun. But it was also something of an endurance test—getting up at dawn, packing, and sitting around airports, waiting for planes.

Island hopping is the newest and, of course, the quickest way of becoming acquainted with the West Indies. But island hopping is pleasantest when it is a leisurely adventure. Better to choose two or three islands and stay in each of them long enough to get



White-gloved police shielded by permanent sun shades direct traffic on Curacao, island beloved by shoppers.

Tobago, one of the "lazy little islands where nothing ever happens and life goes on like a forgotten melody."



Ships stop at Fort de France on Martinique, where a volcano once wiped out the "loveliest city" of the islands.

the feel of the place. Hire a car and ride a horse, swim and fish, and climb the highest mountain.

For a more indolent and less adventurous holiday, go by ship, enjoy brief shore excursions, and get plenty of rest between ports. Decide upon the islands you like best, and begin then to anticipate your return.

Almost everybody knows or has read about the Bahamas, Jamaica, Haiti, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, and the American Virgins. These are the smart and famous islands of the West Indies. Their *de luxe* hotels have swimming pools. Their beaches have cabanas and bars and rotisseries. They all have smart shops and fabulous clubs.

The life of these islands revolves about tourists who are charmed by their various attractions—the elegance of old Nassau and the razzle-dazzle of gay Havana . . . the swank shops and exotic night spots of a fashionable world. Each of the islands is different, all are extremely popular.

To the south of the social resorts lie a number of smaller islands. Lazy little islands where nothing ever happens and life goes on like a forgotten melody. Many travellers would find them dull. Visitors must stay in native hotels or guest houses. There is no night life, and people go to bed when the mab-weyahs (tree lizards) begin to cry.

These islands are sometimes called the Lesser Antilles. (The Greater Antilles are Cuba, Jamaica, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and Puerto Rico.) The Lesser Antilles are, mostly, British and are known also as the Windward and Leeward Islands. In the Windward (or northernmost) group are the British islands of St. Kitts (its proper name is St. Chris-

topher's), Nevis (pronounced *Neevis*), Montserrat, and Antigua (*Anteega*).

The Leewards include Dominica (*Domineeca*), St. Lucia (*Loosha*), St. Vincent, Grenada (last two syllables like a girl's name), and all the little Grenadines. Caribbean, by the way, should *not* be pronounced with the accent on *rib*. That is the generally familiar, new-fangled way. But it makes no sense at all. The original natives, for whom the Sea was named—the Indians whom Columbus found on the islands and who were killed by the colonizers—were *Caribs*. No one ever called them *Caribs*. And to old-timers, Caribbean sounds as silly as *Europe-ean*.

Barbados, said to be the healthiest island in the West Indies, is the best known of the Lesser Antilles. Barbados likes to be called Little England, and her people believe that she is the most important possession in the Empire. At the outbreak of World War II, they cabled King George: "CARRY ON. BARBADOS IS WITH YOU."

Beyond Barbados lies Grenada, where *Island in the Sun* was filmed. And off Grenada lies the chain of tiny cays known as the Grenadines.

Trinidad, seat of government of the new West Indies Federation, lies off the coast of South America and is (comparatively speaking) large, rich, and important. Its capital, Port of Spain, has modern hotels and a gay night life.

Off Trinidad lies the darling island of Tobago called "Robinson Crusoe's Island." But the truth is that Robinson Crusoe (Alexander Selkirk) was not marooned in the Caribbean at all. And his "cave,"

Photos: (left) Gendreau; (below) PAA



Royal palms and tropical foliage frame a Hindu temple in Port of Spain, the rich, busy, and cosmopolitan capital of Trinidad. The island lies near South America.



Photo: PAA

Picturesque Dutch architecture is found in the old Poenda section of Willemstad, capital of the Dutch West Indian island of Curacao.

which many tourists go to see, is as phony as can be.

Scattered among the British islands are the French islands of Guadeloupe, Martinique, Marie Galante, and Les Saintes. And just to give you an idea of changing fortunes in the West Indies, let me tell you that when England and France made peace in 1763, England almost decided to keep Guadeloupe and return Canada to France. The French islands were very rich in those days. And Martinique is now de-

termined to achieve a new place in the sun. To attract tourist trade, she has built hotels and, to please the ladies, sells French perfumes at lower prices than you pay in Paris. Arpège, for example, costs \$5.70 an ounce in Martinique; in New York it is \$25.80.

Far to the north of the better-known French possessions lies the little island of St. Maarten, where everybody speaks English, although the island belongs half to France and half to The Netherlands. In the days of colonization, the Dutch and French, arriving simultaneously, agreed to settle the matter of boundaries by walking in opposite directions around the island and dividing it by a line drawn between the point at which they started and that at which they met. A brisk little Frenchman started off at break-neck speed. A big fat Dutchman waddled as fast as he could. As luck would have it, the Dutchman headed toward the salt ponds. The Frenchman went the other way. The result was that while France secured the larger part of the island, the richer part (where the salt works used to be) went to The Netherlands. Nice little hotels and a club have recently been built on St. Maarten, and shore property is being developed for a cottage colony.

The Netherlands West Indies include, besides St. Maarten, the far-flung islands of Saba, Aruba, and Curacao (Curasow). And the best place to shop in the whole Caribbean is [Continued on page 60]

Shoot Your Way Through

By RICH BASSETT

News Photographer; Rotarian, Santa Ana, Calif.

YOU'RE going someplace? Great! You're going far? Better yet! And you're going to take your camera(s)? I'm glad . . . and the people in your household should be, too. You can bring the whole trip back to them.

But don't tell me you're starting as a friend of mine did a few weeks ago. Just 20 hours before he was to set out on a 50,000-mile trip across three continents he came to me with a new and elaborate camera. "Just bought it," he said. "Wanted the finest. But for Heaven's sake show me how to use the thing," he begged. "I've never taken a picture in my life." I did my best . . . but I hope that Providence sets his lens openings and shutter speeds for him. It would be a mercy to his kith and kin who will have to watch his pictures.

As one who has been privileged to point his cameras at many different countries and to start many people on photography, I may have a little useful counsel for you on travel-picture taking—especially if you're just getting into it.

"What camera shall I get? What other equipment do I need? What shall I photograph?" These are the questions the trip planners ask me most often.

The camera I recommend, especially for those going abroad, is the 35-mm. type. It is small, and therefore highly portable. It enables you to take pictures in rapid succession, and its short focal length gives great depth of field at wide lens openings. That means that everything in your picture from foreground to horizon is going to be "nice and clear" and sharp. Also, with a 35-mm. you can shoot in black and white or color.

Next, accessories. Don't go overboard on them. A skylight filter, a flash gun, and a reliable light meter are all the accessories you need. But practice with this equipment. Practice

especially with your camera and meter as one unit. In using the meter, I take a reading off the back of my hand. When working with color, I use the same film and the same shutter speed at all times.

So, the only information I need from the meter is the correct lens openings. In determining a lens opening, I go on the theory that there is one best exposure for every shot I take.

Now, what should you photograph? Why, of course, shoot what you like—even in the rain. But before you hit the shutter, imagine how the same scene will look on the screen in your living room or in a frame in your den. If you keep this in mind, you'll improve the composition of your pictures.

In composing a scene, leave out unnecessary details. Each picture should have one subject and should tell only one story. If your "story" is about people, use objects sparingly. Be selective! That's what art is anyway, isn't it—selectivity? If your "story" is scenery, use figures or objects in the foreground. Trees with their branches framing the scene will give a feeling of depth, enabling viewers to look into the scene instead of at it. Get a bit of the airplane wing and propellers into those shots of the earth you take from the sky.

We travel to see people and places, and no matter where they are they can be photographed interestingly. Take long shots, medium views, and close-ups, especially of people. And shoot a lot—after all, film is cheap—and shoot intelligently, considerably, and happily. And then when you get the whole story home, hold back! Don't tell it all—just the finest frames of it put together sensitively and selectively. If your show doesn't run over 30 minutes, I'll be over myself.



Bassett

It's Europe for Me

Spring on the Rhine — Burg Gutenfels

BY JEAN BOWIE SHOR



My first trip abroad, taken more years ago than I care to remember, was a wondrously gay and exciting journey to Europe. Since then I have visited every continent and most of the countries of the world. I have walked wide-eyed in the bazaars of the Middle East, the temples of the Orient, and the deserts and jungles of Africa. But if I had that first trip to take over again, or if I knew that my next voyage was to be my last, I'd still say:

"It's Europe for me!"

There are many reasons for this: some are purely practical, others sentimental, still others highly personal. But over the years that my husband, Franc, and I have roamed the world for the *National Geographic Magazine* I have become a professional traveller—a professional tourist, if you will—and I think that I know what most people hope to find when they go abroad. Europe offers those things in greater variety and intensity than any other area of the world.

Nowhere else will you know the breathless ecstasy of your first view of the magnificent cathedral of Chartres, or see the close-wrapped charm of the English countryside, or feel the warm welcome of one of Britain's village inns, or view the awesome

Getting directions from a Paris policeman, Jean Shor pauses in the midst of far-flung travels that have taken her and her husband, Franc, to virtually every part of the world. Now writers and photographers for the *National Geographic Magazine*, they have trekked across the Gobi Desert, followed the trail of Marco Polo from Venice to Peiping, and explored Europe from one end to the other. Jean's father, George Bowie, was a charter member of the Rotary Club of Amarillo, Tex.



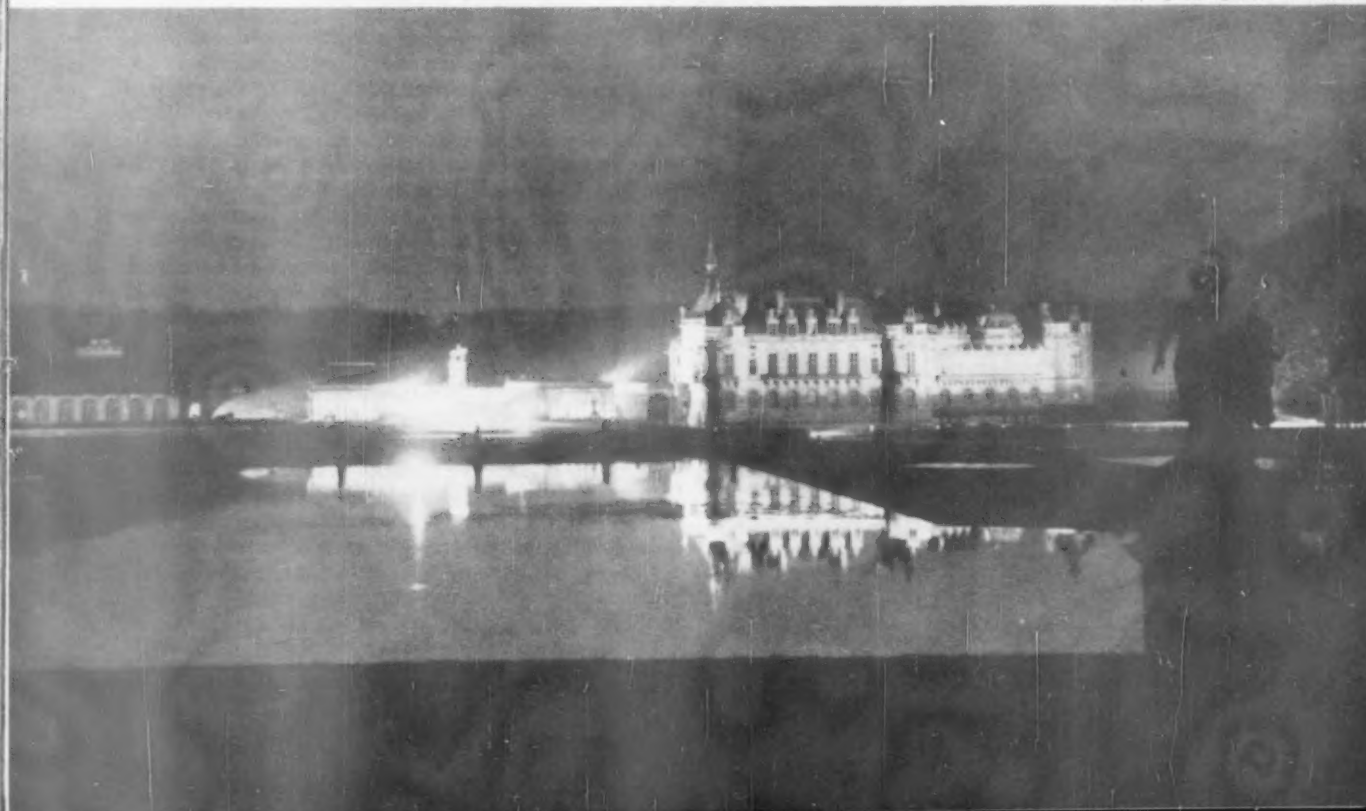
splendor of the Matterhorn from Zermatt's cobbled streets, or look on the dazzling radiance of the fountains of Madrid and Rome. Nowhere else are the treasures of the Louvre, the Prado, or the Vatican. And where but in Europe the fresh linen sheets, the well-puffed feather quilt, and the round red cheeks of the floor maid in even the smallest hotel?

Beyond the beautiful and practical there is a sense of cultural affinity which is as satisfying as it is inescapable. What American, regardless of his national origin, can look upon the field of Runnymede or the houses of Parliament without a better understanding of the foundations of his own liberties? Or stand before the birthplace of Lafayette without realizing more acutely the diverse European strains which contributed to their realization?

Perhaps more important than any of these things, from the visitor's point of view, is the simple pleasure of travelling in an area where tourists are welcome, where their importance to the local economy is so well recognized that important departments of national Governments are devoted exclusively to their welfare, and where every effort is made to see

Floodlights bathe the beautiful Chateau de Chantilly, one of the many architectural masterpieces of France. It is located at Senlis.

Photos: (p. 20) Jager; (below) Bertrand



that they are well fed, well housed, and well entertained.

In short, Europe is more fun!

Rotary was responsible, in a way, for the fact that I *did* go to Europe on that first trip. My father was a Rotarian. When I was still a high-school student in Texas, I found, in THE ROTARIAN, which came to our home every month, a list of children of European Rotarians who wanted to correspond with Americans. So when, just before World War II, a generous aunt presented me with a \$1,000 check and told me to take a trip, I had half a dozen friends in as many European countries whom I was anxious to meet. Some of those meetings were the high lights of the whole trip.

Pim and Kees van der Ham I remember particularly. When I arrived in Amsterdam, they met me with half a dozen of their fellow students from the University of Delft. We spent a glorious week-end admiring the Rembrandts at the Ryks Museum, listening to Amsterdam's world-famous Concertgebouw Orchestra, singing to the music of German bands in smoke-filled beer cellars, and eating red-hot Indonesian food. I told them about Texas and they told me about The Netherlands, and when I left I felt a great deal more at home abroad. Europeans, I had discovered, were my own kind of people.

A DOZEN visits since have confirmed that initial impression. When Franc and I find ourselves exchanging favorite memories, our thoughts usually end up in Europe, where a common background and a common culture enable us to feel that we are part of the life around us.

Those memories cover a lot of ground. Sometimes they are trivial things, like the automatic vending machines of Copenhagen. Long before Americans could buy everything from a candy bar to a clean handkerchief by slipping a few coins in a slot, the Danes had the system working to perfection. The householder who burned out a fuse or a light bulb late at night didn't have to sit in darkness until the stores opened next day; a vending machine in the front wall of a near-by shop solved his problem. The Danish belle who got a run in her stocking during an important evening was equally fortunate, as was the traveller who found himself unexpectedly short of toothpaste or razor blades. Franc and I once made a list of 50 items which could be bought at midnight in three blocks on a street where not a single shop was open.

Not that we spent all our time in Copenhagen counting vending machines—far from it. We spent a lot of it counting the sandwiches listed on the three-foot-long menu in Oskar Davidson's restaurant—I think the total was 172—more counting the 200 tiny shrimps on the one we ordered—and even more wandering through the fabulous Tivoli Gardens, where every form of entertainment, from musical comedy

European panorama: a bridal procession in a French town. . . . A Scottish clansman. . . . An Irish hurling stick. . . . Belgian dancers. . . . Pipe-smoking Hollander. . . . Swiss hornblowers. . . . Belgian woman engaged in the delicate task of lacemaking. . . . Afternoon along the Seine in Paris.

Photos: Three Lions; United Press; Tuschmann from Black Star



A Trip Crowned with Pearls



Miss Lee—and the Japanese crown.

YOU never know what will happen when you set out on a trip—or what may result from it. Especially if you're a Rotarian.

Ask radio commentator Mark Evans, of Washington, D. C. He'll tell you of a remarkable train of events that started two years ago in Tokyo when he was interviewing Yoshitaka Mikimoto, grandson of Kokichi Mikimoto, the late "Pearl King of the World."

The two Rotarians were discussing Washington's Cherry Blossom Festival, held each Spring when the Japanese cherry trees fringing the Tidal

Basin burst forth with myriads of pink blooms. The trees are the descendants of 3,000 presented in 1912 to the wife of William Howard Taft, then President of the United States, by the people of Tokyo. Now, each year, thousands of people journey to Washington to see the trees at the peak of their blossoming. A "queen" selected by a "wheel of fortune" from 53 Cherry Blossom Princesses representing the territories and the 48 States of the Union, reigns over the festivities.

During the conversation, Mark Evans suggested in an offhand way that a crown for the Cherry Blossom Queen would be an ideal symbol of continued Japanese-American friendship. Yoshitaka Mikimoto responded with enthusiasm to the chance suggestion, and added that he'd make it his own personal project. He'd make a crown of pearls!

In the weeks and months that followed, the Tokyo Rotarian supervised the selection of the finest of his firm's huge treasure of cultured pearls. He called in his most skilled craftsmen, those who had designed and fashioned the imperial crown and the family jewels of the Japanese imperial household. The first design proposed, one that would have cost \$10,000, was discarded. Finally the artisans formed and shaped a beautiful crown of 14-karat gold. On the face of it they mounted a huge, superbly iridescent center pearl. Sixteen hundred additional perfect pearls, the finest of the production of more than 4 million "seeded" oysters that had lain on the sea floor six to

ten years, were then added to the crown. In graduated sizes, the pearls were artistically composed into rosettes or silhouetted in imposing gold-outlined spires. The resulting 3½-pound masterpiece, with its ermine headrest, has been conservatively evaluated at \$100,000.

Presented to the Cherry Blossom Festival on behalf of Yoshitaka Mikimoto by the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, the crown was first worn by Jean Marie Lee, of Alaska, the 1957 Queen. For her personal use she received a \$1,000 pearl necklace from Rotarian Mikimoto.

Each Spring hereafter, the crown will be taken from the vault of a Washington bank where it is kept and used to crown the new Queen. Multitudes will gaze upon the beauty of this new symbol of friendship between two peoples. And Mark Evans will be glad again that he took that trip.

—Ralph W. Sherman
Rotarian, Washington, D. C.

Y. Mikimoto

Evans



Ankers

through vaudeville to simple carnival pastimes, entralls Danes and visitors alike. I had to drag Franc away from a stand where he could throw baseballs at shelves filled with chinaware. His pleasure at the crash of a pitcher or serving platter was almost frightening. I haven't really trusted him to do the dishes since!

Stockholm offers all the standard tourist attractions, as well as some of the most modern department stores in the world, but for me its greatest charm is furnished by an agency called "Sweden at Home." The attractive Baroness Margaretha Stiernstedt thought this one up for the benefit of travellers who like to meet the people of the countries in which they travel. Just go into the office of the Swedish Tourist Traffic Association and fill out a form telling what you do for a living and what your interests may be. You'll be invited for a meal or an evening at home with a Swedish family with which you have a lot in common.

Franc and I spent one of our most pleasant eve-

nings abroad dining with a Stockholm newspaper editor and his wife and three children. Through them we met half a dozen other Swedish families in our own field. Because of "Sweden at Home" we know much more about their country than we could ever have learned in museums and palaces, and I hope they understand a little more about our own country. It's a wonderful idea.

When I think of Norway, my first recollection is of the most comfortable tourist bus service in the world. Wandering past the fjords and lakes of the Northern part of the country, stopping at comfortable little village inns and resort hotels, these vehicles are more like travelling clubs than ordinary busses. They leave late in the morning, after a leisurely breakfast, which usually includes such delicacies as smoked reindeer tongue and pickled herring, and stop whenever a passenger wants to take a picture or—on frequent occasions—when the conductor spots a lake where he thinks you might enjoy a brief dip. And toward evening, as you [Continued on page 62]



Travelling with Nature

By
Donald Culross Peattie

Author of more than 30 books, most of them about Nature, Donald Culross Peattie has been called a "botanist with a poet's inspiration, a naturalist with a philosopher's insight." Graduated cum laude in 1922 from Harvard University, where he studied the natural sciences, he worked for three years as a botanist with the U. S. Department of Agriculture but left it to pursue a writing career. With his wife, novelist Louise Redfield, and their three children, he spent the years from 1928 to 1933 in Southern France. Today the Peatties make their home in Santa Barbara, Calif. Mr. Peattie is a roving editor for The Reader's Digest.



AMERICANS, of whom I am one, set speedily forth to see America first. Many a 10-year-old has seen ten times as much of his country as his grandfather ever dreamed of seeing. Its major sights are so magnificent we cannot fail to take in their glories—the deep-painted distances of the Grand Canyon, the above-timberline trails of New Hampshire's Presidential range, Glacier Park's well-named highway Going-to-the-Sun, Yosemite's plunging waterfalls, and the bubbling waters of

the Yellowstone. We crowd to ride the ski lift at Mount Hood, to come flying down in a spindrift of glittering snow, or we lazily cultivate a tan on the mesas of Arizona, that stretch away into endless perspectives like the scenery in a Dali painting.

Here Nature is familiar enough for us to take it in in our first sweeping view of a place. Indeed, our most glorious spectacles are natural ones. Californians in Spring think nothing of motoring 200 miles to see some field of sky-



blue lupine filling a valley like lake waters, or some hillside a torrent of sun-gold poppies. On the beaches of Florida's west coast there is indeed little to see except tranquil sea meeting clear, mild heaven at the level horizon, and the miles of beaches strewn with the shells washed up by each tide from Davy Jones's locker. In the dry piney wilds of the Sierra we have come to know the jay called "camp robber," and that friendly little moocher the chipmunk. In the parks we are on the lookout for the shambling black bears, or the big clumsy moose that splashes in swamp water.

Even on visits to our neighbor countries, we are not unaware of the beauties unique to this young continent. If we are lucky enough to be in Canada in Autumn, we glory in the flaunting splendor of the aspens and the maples. In Mexico, down in Vera Cruz, the spectator gasps to see Orizaba's snow-capped volcanic cone rising abruptly out of tropical forest. And the garden-minded will stop the car, out on the high plateau of Central Mexico, to notice wild, native plants like cosmos, dahlias, and zinnias, which are the very ancestors of the familiar garden flowers of those names, first cultivated by the Aztecs.

But when we go abroad, too many of us forget that other continents, too, have their own Nature, and we fail to observe those living details which make strange lands so dear to those who live in them. We are apt to concentrate only on the great galleries, cathedrals, temples, and palaces. We

may waste time in tourist traps, too—the "kitchen" of the Monte Carlo casino, self-conscious Stratford-on-Avon which offers *two* houses where Shakespeare was born, or the night spots of the Place Pigalle in Paris. Or we go to bullfights in Spain (with a nervous feeling), or to performances of Wagner in Bayreuth, or even to visit tractor factories in Russia. And in all this frivolous or earnest sight-seeing we may be overlooking the quiet or fleeting sights of the birds, the plants, the rivers, and the hills which make each country a homeland to its natives.

All of Europe is filled with enchanting Nature, if you have eyes and ears for it. For me the great interior high plains of Spain will forever be memorable for their wealth of rockroses whose flowers open in fragile splendor but for a single day. The plain of Marathon (where little Athens turned back the might of Xerxes' Persian hordes) is covered, I'm told, with poet's narcissus, the same that you cultivate in your garden, but there wild and native. The waterfalls of Switzerland, spilling from high transverse valleys, may remind you of Yosemite's falls, for the good reason that both are due to glacial action. The fjords of Norway are the most enchanting mingling of sea and mountains in all the world, unless coastal Alaska can claim rivalry. As for the famous "land of the midnight sun"—did you know that you can fly from busy Stockholm to the Arctic Circle in a few hours? There the sun scarcely sets at all; the last streaks of sunset become the be-



Illustration by Bob Keys



ginning of dawn. There the reindeer run, and the Arctic wild flowers never close their lustrous eyes all through their short season.

The birds of Europe—if you stop and listen to the best of them, you will never forget the songs that have been treasured by poets for centuries. When Romeo is loathe to leave his Juliet, as the night of their tryst is ending, he protests, "No, 'tis the lark and not the nightingale." Here's a travel tip for the wise, for no two birds are more unforgettably part of Europe's beauty. I've heard the nightingale in Romeo's own little city of Verona, and at Hadrian's villa, where the great Roman emperor withdrew from the suffocating heat, the fevers, the crowds, and the cruel circuses of Rome, to the hills amid his fragrant box and laurel trees. I've heard it at Castelgondolfo, where the Pope has his Summer retreat, and again singing not three yards away from me in the blossoming apple trees close to the great walls about York Minster. No bird voice in the world can compare to that of this storied singer; it tears at the heart with its pure passion, so that the listener hangs breathless on the moonlit silence, waiting for the next purer, higher note.

As for skylarks—hail to them, blithe spirits! I remember getting out of the car on the Aurelian Way

approaching Rome, the better to hear that glittering, twittering song uttered high aloft in the blue. Most of all do they bring back to me the windy wonder of Stonehenge, that mysterious circle of up-ended stones, telling of a religion older than the Druids, so that the memory of man runneth not back so far. It is a place marvelously empty of today, save (I recall) for an old shepherd watching his flocks while he ate his bread and cheese. But the skylarks, spangling the air with their song, told of enduring things—the antiquity of Nature, the blue of the sky, the whistling of the grass, the beauty of this bit of English Nature preserved from a misty past.

No one, I think, forgets the first time he hears a cuckoo's song. It is so like the call of a cuckoo clock that it seems quaintly fairy tale. You expect the witch's house in *Hänsel und Gretel* to materialize in all its gingerbread. Listen, too, for the foreign blackbird, which gives a sweet rolling whistle like a thrush's, but gayer; he brings back to my mind the Palatine Hill in Rome. And next time you may be gazing up at the soaring splendor of a cathedral, notice those acrobatic big black birds that are at home in the Gothic crannies; those are jackdaws, and when I think of Salisbury's spire or the *alcazar* of Segovia, my memories are

lively with these noisy but amusing birds. It was at Chartres that the wise old canon told me dryly, "Nobody lives at a cathedral but priests, pigeons, and jackdaws."

As for swallows, they seem to be in all old, storied places, haunting them like ever-returning memories. I recall how they swept crying back and forth over that island in the Mediterranean where the Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned, just as I do not forget the American species that was the only living thing in sight at the Three Forks in Montana, the place where an alien tribe stole Sacajawea, who grew up to be guide to Lewis and Clark. No less moving are the swifts that in many a city canyon come out at dusk to carve the twilight in speedy arcs; they mingle in my mind with the evening bells of Rome, where I watched them at every nightfall from my balcony high above the Spanish Steps, and noted how now and then one would creep under a mossy tile on the roof below where no doubt it nested. Such a picture is to me as much a part of Italian travel as my impressions of the Sistine Chapel.

Storks are to the people of Denmark the natural sight they are most proud to show you—storks, and the wild swans rafting in the water off the Summer shore. Any Dane will [Continued on page 59]

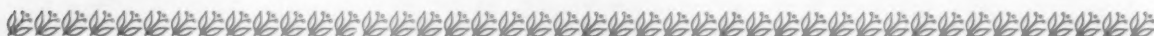


Photo: Studio de Paris

Beauty in the Master Plan

WHEREVER one goes in the world, be it to the highlands or the lowlands, the woodlands or the open plains, the homelands or far-away places, there is always beauty in abundance—exquisite, intriguing, inspiring—but always different.

I have often thought that God made it that way—made it different to challenge the best in man—made it different to encourage him to travel and to mingle with people in various places in the world—to the end that man, seeing the beauty of Nature in other places, might sense that there are beauty and truth and goodness in his fellowman in other lands even though he may live under vastly different conditions and keep the "strangest" customs and traditions.

—CHARLES G. TENNENT
Asheville, N. C., Nurseryman;
President, Rotary International



Of Course Take the Kids

(But don't blame me!)



"You said there's good fishing where we're going," she pointed out."

By

PARKE CUMMINGS

THERE'S nothing like taking the kids along when you travel. The trip we made, a few Summers ago, from our home in Connecticut to a camp in Maine is an example.

Texans and Californians, used to colossal distances, may snort, "Heck, that's no trip! That's just a jaunt across the street." Perhaps so, but just remember that we had our 7-year-old daughter and 12-year-old son along—a couple of typical, normal, healthy children. The night before we were to leave I announced, "We take off at 8 o'clock. There's nothing like an early start."

We took off at a quarter past 9, which was pretty good considering that we had an unusually hearty breakfast and that Patsy had disappeared for half an hour. She had been digging worms.

"What in the name of Heaven are they for?" I demanded.

"You said there's good fishing where we're going," she pointed out.

"There's plenty of bait there too," I declared. "We're *not* taking any worms. We're crowded as it is."

"Oh, let her," said Virginia, my consort. "What's the harm?"

We departed, worms and all, and headed for the thruway, a five-minute drive from our house. This we reached in 35 minutes because we had to stop at the Masons, where Patsy had left her bathing suit, and at the tennis club, where John had left his racquet.

Once on the thruway I pushed our speed up to the permissible limit, and Patsy asked, "What time is it?"

"Ten to 10," I replied.

"How soon can we have lunch?"

"Lunch!" I exclaimed. "You just finished breakfast!" We had brought a basket lunch because Virginia figured this would be quicker than stopping at a restaurant.

Patsy was silent for at least five minutes, then protested, "I'm starving! Can't we eat?"

"Me too," chimed in John.

"At home," I protested, "I've seen you kids go until one o'clock and sometimes even later without wanting lunch."

"But I'm so hungry—" began Patsy.

"O.K.," I said. "Dig in—but leave enough for Mother and me."

The one good thing about our kids is that they mind. They left half a chicken sandwich for Virginia and a plum for me.

It was now about 10:30 and again I was addressed with a question—by John. "Are we halfway?"

"Are you kidding?" I retorted.

"Well, just how far are we?"

"About one-sixteenth, I'd say."

There was a groan from both occupants of the rear seat. "This isn't a space rocket," I pointed out. "You've got to be patient."

We drove in silence for a while and then I was startled by a piercing scream from Patsy. "Holy cow!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter?"



"They left half a chicken sandwich for Virginia and a plum for me."

"John threw my worms out the window!" she sobbed.

"They stunk something awful," John asserted.

"They did not!" yelled Patsy.

At this juncture I beheld a large sign on the right side of the road: "\$25 Fine for Scattering Rubbish on Thruway."

John evidently saw it too. "I think there's a cop following us," he said.

I glanced at the rear-vision mirror, as John, who has a fine sense of humor, remarked, "I was only kidding, Dad."

"Let's save the gags until we get there," I suggested.

Within ten minutes Patsy had got over her grief about the worms.

"When's lunch?" she asked.

"But you had lunch," I said.

"I guess driving makes me hungry," she explained. "Please, can't we stop now and eat?"

I know when I'm licked. "Later on," I promised. "At one o'clock."

We had lunch at quarter past 12. Patsy and John also bought candy and cookies to fend off starvation when we resumed our journey. Stuff like this supplies calories but creates thirst. By 3 o'clock we had made several unscheduled stops for soft drinks. The kids seemed to think that water didn't supply sufficient nourishment to satisfy the hunger a trip creates.

We pulled into our destination at quarter of 7, and the first question was: "When do we eat?"

"Seven o'clock," I informed our youthful travellers.

They groaned. "Not until then? We're about starved."

We stayed in Maine for a fortnight, enjoying a life of pine breezes and healthy exercise. And how did our youngsters eat during that period? Very poorly indeed, thank you. They had appetites like small birds. Until we started on the homeward trip, that is, and then they *really* started putting things away, bettering their intake on the first trip by at least 50 percent.

They say gasoline and alcohol don't mix. Very true, but gasoline and food certainly do where our kids are concerned.

What Traveler Gets the



Probet from Cunard

The Companionable

Says Commodore C. S. Williams

Transatlantic Shipmaster

IT IS DIFFICULT to give a single answer to this question, because travel, like other pleasures, can be enjoyed in different ways. As captain of Cunard's *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest passenger ship, I have observed that the varied interests of passengers largely determine what they do during a voyage. Some want to relax, others more energetic turn to swimming or deck games, while the gourmets find their highest pleasure in the truly international fare served in our dining rooms.

These are all tangible interests, while perhaps the most enjoyable aspect of shipboard travel is an intangible: companionship. And the companionable travellers are, in my opinion, those who get the most out of their journeys while en route and at the places they visit. They are friendly to everyone, eager to know the stranger, and they make good impressions wherever they go. On every crossing I see my ship serve as a meeting ground where new friendships are made. Many of these I know from personal experience last a lifetime.

As an example of this type of traveller, I can point to service-club members, such as Rotarians, who help make their trips memorable through their warm efforts toward companionship. It is in other people that they find travel's greatest rewards.

So, if you travel to relax, to exercise, or to see new things, why, go on doing so. These interests do not at all stand in the way of being companionable. In fact, they are excellent ways for you to demonstrate this quality of sociability, which can work wonders for all travellers if only it is given the chance by its possessor.



United Air Lines

The Inquisitive

Says Captain E. L. Remelin

Air-Line Pilot

THE inquisitive traveller, I believe, is the one who gets the most out of a trip. The old saying that travel is broadening applies best to those who ask questions. The next time you take a trip, think of yourself as a reporter who wants to get all the facts. Before you leave, read about the city or region you plan to visit. In that way you will know what to look for and your questions will be more discerning.

I pilot DC-7 Mainliners between Los Angeles and Honolulu, and the stewardesses on these flights, as on all United flights, have a fund of air-travel information which they are eager to share. These young women receive training which prepares them to answer your queries. So don't hesitate to ask them anything from "How does an airplane fly?" to "What's the name of that town down there?"

I believe that children get the most enjoyment from air travel because they are so inquisitive. Sometimes, when the plane is on the ground, I invite youngsters into the cockpit. The range of their questions is often astonishing. In addition to queries on speed and horsepower, they want to know about C-band weather radar, pressurization, and other technical details. By learning more about flying, they enjoy it more. And these inquiring young minds continue to be inquisitive about people, places, and things wherever they go.

So take along an inquiring frame of mind when you travel. Ask questions and be observant. If you are flying, ask for a map and pick out landmarks, such as lakes and rivers. It's a wonderful lesson in geography, and spread out below you will be the largest textbook in the world.

Most Out of His Trip?



The Friendly
Says **C. L. Dalton**
Railway Conductor

SINCE 1936 I've been a conductor on the Super Chief. That's the year this famous Santa Fe train made its inaugural run between Chicago and Los Angeles. In all the years I have been in railroading, I have met many kinds of travellers. Those who seemed to get the most out of their experience were the friendly travellers, the ones who showed patience, courtesy, and a ready smile.

Of course, it's no trick to travel merely to reach a destination. Anyone can do that. But there is a knack to reaping all the large and small delights a journey has to offer, such as meeting new people, acquiring fresh ideas, learning more about geography and history, and developing an appreciation for things once unappreciated. These are travel dividends that must be earned; they seldom, if ever, just happen. And the way to earn them, in my opinion, is by being friendly. I once heard a veteran traveller say, "I have never been in a place where a smile did not bring a fair return."

On my train there's room for the friendly traveller to roam about from car to car, or from level to level, if he's riding in the three-level Pleasure Dome lounge car. Stimulating acquaintanceships often result by moving about this way, but again it takes the friendly touch. Also, as the train speeds through the colorful Southwest Indian country, there's much that passengers can learn from each other—again if they're friendly.

So, whenever I'm asked what the secret is to happy and profitable travelling, I say, "Smile—it doesn't cost anything, and it does a world of good." Try it, if you haven't already.



The Relaxed
Says **Jack Rance**
Scenicruiser Driver

IN 14 YEARS of driving I've logged more than one million miles (accident-free miles, I'm glad to say) and carried thousands of passengers—children, family groups, businessmen, students, old people. During these years behind the wheel, I've seen many different kinds of travellers: the old hands and the green hands, the easy to please and the hard to please, the excited and the calm—the list is long. But the kind who always seems to get the most out of his trip is the relaxed traveller, the person who can unwind, sit back in comfort, and enjoy the sights he sees, the people he meets, and the pleasure of just doing new things.

We're living in an age of anxiety, an era of disturbing newspaper headlines about space missiles, atomic power, inflation, a cold war, and so on. Everyone thinks about such matters—it is impossible not to—but when you travel, don't take along cares and worries, whether they be your personal ones or the world's. Leave them at home, and your trips will be richer in every way.

On my Greyhound run between Chicago and St. Louis, passengers figuratively kick off their shoes when we get rolling through the cornland plateaus of Illinois, just as though they were home by the fire-side. They lean back as if to say, "This is a happy time for me; I'm going to make the most of it." They watch the passing farmlands and the towns we go through, and they discover something new about the land they live in. So be a "shoes off" type of traveller, even though you keep your footgear on. That's the kind of traveller I am whenever I take a busman's holiday.

Motoring Gets a Magic Carpet



IN ANOTHER 13 to 15 years, all long-distance automobile trips in the United States will be driven mainly on expressways. By that time there will be 41,000 miles of these routes, connecting 90 percent of the cities of more than 50,000 population. It's the biggest construction job ever undertaken in the United States, 60 times bigger than the Panama Canal.

It's a pleasure to anticipate. Today there are just enough such roads, about 4,000 miles of them, to give a lot of motorists an enjoyable sample of the good driving in prospect for the 1970s. We have also had just enough of this driving to become aware of its peculiar hazards. We'll discuss these later.

Here's what it's like now, on the limited mileage in about 16 States, and what it will be like on a network covering all the States in the foreseeable future:

You get where you are going quicker than over conventional roads, with no increase in peak speeds.

You get there with less effort, without the stresses of stop-and-go driving.

You get there with less risk—statistically, only a third as much chance of a fatal accident.

The longest continuous expressway today is the tollway east from Chicago bypassing Pittsburgh and Philadelphia into New York. It cuts about seven hours off the driving time between America's

two largest cities. The distance is 826 miles. My wife and I made the trip, obeying all speed laws, in 14 hours and 19 minutes, not counting stops for fuel, food, and a night's sleep. It used to take two long, long exhausting days.

Today you can get on the Indiana toll road at the Chicago city limits, pick up a trip ticket as you pass through a toll plaza, and at 65 m.p.h. whiz through downtown Gary on a four-lane trestle over the congested surface streets. You can hold it at 65 through the Dunes, across the Hoosier prairies, and into the hills and lake lands for 156 miles in less than two and one-half hours. The first compulsory stop is a toll booth at the Indiana-Ohio line.

There are two parallel conventional highways across northern Indiana. On one, for example, there are 74 traffic lights, 18 railroad crossings, one drawbridge, 15 school zones, 20 major highway intersections, 89 heavy traffic entrances and exits, and 603 minor

Meet the Author

One of the best-known of U. S. automobile writers, Hal Foust (his name rhymes with "joust") joined the staff of the Chicago *Tribune* in 1927, and two years later was named its auto editor. Over the years he has amassed an immense store of auto and highway information. He served in Europe as a war correspondent in World War II, has twice won the *Tribune's* Edward Scott Beck Award which is presented annually for the best reporting and photography of the year.



Foust

entrances and exits such as private driveways and farm driveways. The story is about the same on the other conventional route.

That's the familiar maze to be avoided on the nation-wide 41,000-mile system. There will not be any toll stops on most of the system. It will be freeway with the exception of 1,837 miles of tollways now in operation and 265 more miles under construction.

The average speed in a long trip on a conventional highway is determined not so much by peak speeds as by the number of stops and slowdowns. The legal speed limit on the open road through the Indiana maze is 65 miles an hour, but the road is open so seldom that an over-all average of 40 to 45 m.p.h. is good time. On the tollway the legal maximum is 65 and you can average 62 or 63, if you don't stop for a rest once in a while, which you should.

Another four-lane expressway, also free of cross traffic, pedestrians, and railroad crossings, traverses northern Ohio for the 241 miles from the Indiana line to the Pennsylvania line between Youngstown and Pittsburgh. Thence, on more tollways, you can by-pass Pittsburgh, cross the Appalachian Mountains with all grades eased, by-pass Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and pick up the New Jersey Turnpike to a Hudson River tunnel or bridge to Manhattan.

It's magic-carpet auto travel, and it will be rolled northwest to Wisconsin with the completion of 187 miles of Illinois tollway scheduled for opening by January 1, 1959. A coast-to-coast expressway, Atlantic to Pacific without a stoplight, will probably be finished by 1967.

By 1970, driving times will be reduced between all large cities. The expressways are being extended into, through, or around the cities. Farmers will be within easier transport of their major markets, and the countryside with its residential and recreational attractions will be within easier and quicker auto distance for urban workers.

Hitler, in building the greatest expressway system in the world before World War II, failed to pro-

On superhighways like Germany's Autobahn (on the opposite page) and the New Jersey Turnpike, which leads right into Manhattan, motorists are getting a taste of the safe and smooth sailing to come in expressway driving. Here is a report on pleasures and perils of the 41,000-mile system now a-building in the U.S.A.

By HAL FOUST



Photo: Link from Cities Service Co.

vide adequate entrances and exits from the by-passed cities. America's tollways, built since World War II, with few exceptions have this same weakness. The new interstate system is not making this mistake, because cities are the origins or destinations of most automobile trips.

The designs of the new highways virtually eliminate the common causes of traffic deaths. Opposing traffic is physically separated by a center parkway or curb; cross traffic is at different grades; railroad crossings are bridged or tunneled; pedestrians are banned, restricted to bridges or tunnels. Experts reckon these safety features on the 41,000-mile system will save 3,500 lives annually.

Yet the modern expressways are not and will not be free of fatal accidents. Drivers can be modernized, but not as radically as can the roadways. You have to make some changes in your driving habits to survive on these new roads. The sustained high speed introduces new risks.

The unvarying speed is monotonous. The constant rumble of tire impact, the rush of air passing windows, the beat of the engine fan, and the steady hum of exhaust are a lullaby. If you find yourself staring at the ribbon of pavement unrolling before you, daydreaming, you're a candidate for the expressway death toll.

Sleepiness is a main cause of fatal accidents on the existing expressways and it will probably continue to be a killer on the national system. On the Pennsylvania Turnpike are signs reading "Please don't drowse." It will take more than signs to abate these fatalities. Engineers in a few locations are doing something about it. Outer edges of the pavements are roughened to change tire-impact noise so as to alert a sleepy driver when his car starts to wander.

Bertram Tallamy, U. S. Federal Road Administrator who bosses the 41,000-mile construction program, is convinced that a variety of pleasant landscaping is a safety measure. It relieves the boredom of steering at a sustained speed with nothing of interest to look at.

In debates before Congress, never concluded, on whether the

Federal Government should ban billboards from the interstate system, it was argued that commercial signs offended and thereby wearied drivers. The billboard interests, of course, argued that their signs were a pleasant diversion for auto drivers. At adjournment, the regulation of signs was left to the individual States.

Drivers can and must help themselves in combating drowsiness on the expressways. In the first place, don't spend as many hours at the wheel on a turnpike or freeway as you would on a conventional highway where the variety of country roads and city streets and fast and slow driving breaks the monotony.

In eight hours on expressways, you can cover 400 or 450 miles with several brief stops. That's far enough for a day's work in the exacting task. Driving at 60 or 65 requires constant full attention. No other form of transportation is so demanding.

Take rest stops every 100 miles or so. You may not think you need them but you do. I was a guinea pig in a scientific test run from Chicago to New York and back

Eat sparingly and avoid heavy foods such as fats and starches. There is no exercise in sitting behind the wheel of an automobile on a long straight road. If you hunger for one big meal a day, wait until the end of your day's drive. This same advice, of course, could apply to travel on conventional highways.

On the expressways you're moving fast and so are all your neighbors. Any error is critical. Maintain a comfortable distance behind the car ahead unless you are going to pass it.

If you are overtaking a car, look at your speedometer. You may unknowingly have increased your speed more than you were aware. If you then decide you are going to pass, look in your rear vision mirror long enough to be sure the car behind is not going to interfere with your maneuver.

Try to maintain a pace with a minimum of passing. Don't be either the fastest or the slowest in traffic. A slowpoke is as much a menace as a speeder. If you are a capable driver with a good automobile, the maximum limit is a



The U. S. Government will pay 90 percent of the cost of the expressway system that will lace the States by 1970. Only 2,100 miles of the network will be tollway.

several months ago. Portable apparatus measured a gradual decline in my alertness and reaction time after an hour of turnpike wheeling. The apparatus also recorded the quick revival of these driving qualifications by a two- or three-minute stop, a short walk, and a drink of water or coffee.

reasonable pace if weather and traffic conditions are favorable.

At service stations and interchanges, be alert for any car exiting or entering the roadway. When there is no traffic behind me, I drift to the left lane in passing these points so as to accommodate anyone leaving or joining

the traffic in the outside or right lane.

If you are exiting, signal your intention well in advance. Don't brake until you are in the deceleration lane. Then glance at your speedometer. You probably are still going faster than it feels and need to brake some more.

Expressway driving is demanding upon the automobile as well as upon the driver. Sustained speed fatigues metal as well as nerves. Tires are heated by the sustained speed. Check for proper inflation when they are cold—that is, atmospheric temperature—before the day's drive. Stay off the expressways if you are worried about the age or worn condition of your rubber.

Watch your water temperature, oil-pressure, and generator gauges more than you would ordinarily. If a fan belt breaks or an oil line leaks during the strain of continuous speed, you'll want to know it promptly to save your engine from ruin.

Also watch your gasoline gauge. Speed is expensive in fuel consumption—about as expensive in miles per gallon as stop-and-go driving on conventional highways. The high rate of gasoline consumption per hour on the expressways is surprising; however, you get many more miles an hour than you are accustomed to.

When car trouble occurs, park well off the roadway on paved or lawn berm. Don't try to walk or hitchhike for help. A conventional distress signal is to raise the hood. Sit there and wait for a police patrolman or a patrolling maintenance car. Some thoughtful motorist will report you at the next service station and help will be dispatched by radio.

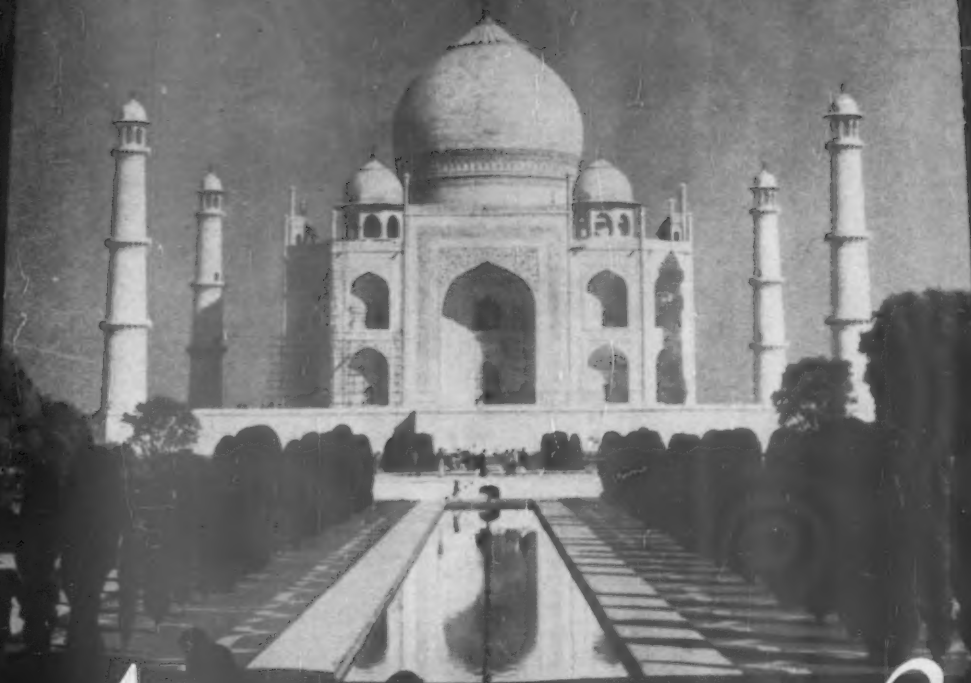
Finally, let's all drive carefully, on or off the expressways. We all want to live to enjoy the thousands of miles of fast, pleasant, and comparatively safe roads that are coming tomorrow.

Happy motoring!

Sweeping curves and loops, overpasses, and viaducts speed traffic flow at points of interchange. From top to bottom (right) are interchanges and service areas at Mahoning Valley, Pa.; Elkhart County, Ind.; Frankfort am Main, Germany; King of Prussia, Pa.; and the Ohio-Indiana border.



Photos: (from top down) (1, 4) Pa. Turnpike Com.; (2, 5) Indiana Toll Road Com.; (3) German TFO.



A Monument to Love

THE sight of the Taj Mahal by moonlight or noon light is alone worth a trip to India. So says many a traveller. During the day sunlight diffused through the alabaster window screens and the semi-transparent marble dome illuminates the gem-studded interior. In a vault beneath rest the bodies of the Shah Jahan, Mogul Emperor of India from 1627 to 1658, and his favorite wife, Arjamand Banu. It was for her he built the tomb. "Taj Mahal" is a contraction of her regal title *Mumtaz-i-Mahall*, "Pride of the Palace." Born in Persia, 15 years his wife, she died in 1631 after giving birth to a child. For her mausoleum, Shah Jahan secured the services of thousands of Asia's best craftsmen and artists, who labored for 17 years to build this "dream in stone." Located at Agra, 120 miles south of Delhi, the Taj Mahal will be a magnet for Rotarians from many lands attending the Asia Regional Conference of Rotary International in Delhi, November 21-24, 1958.



The classic beauty of Indian women, which inspired the Taj Mahal, lives on in such modern maids as these.



BLESS TRAVEL

He'll happily take over all the bothersome details that face the harassed traveller.

I HAD THOUGHT myself an experienced traveller, but here I was on that day several years ago stranded in Africa, my plans mired down. Worse, my two companions were depending upon me, for it was I who had suggested the adventure.

Our idea had been a carefree trip with no definite schedule—an "open jaw" arrangement, so to speak. We had flown to Capetown and wanted to get to Cairo. Between those points we were going to make our way by any means available.

It didn't work. Outside the Union of South Africa at that time, telephone service in most parts of the continent was impossible, mail slow and uncertain, roads bad or nonexistent.

Then I did what I should have done in the first place: I called a travel agent and asked his help.

"No trouble at all," said the agent, and proceeded to make detailed arrangements for our entire African journey. An experienced guide and driver took us from Capetown to Nairobi, Kenya, showing us all the places between that we had planned to see, and more. We changed drivers at Nairobi for a two-week jaunt into Kenya, the Belgian Congo, and Ruanda-Urundi. Our guide knew all the trails, all the dialects and customs of the people, the ways of wild animals, and the sights of Nature.

As we continued to explore the magnificent continent, journeying up through Ethiopia, across the upper Sudan, and finally into Egypt, I had occasion again and again to thank the day we'd dropped our worries into the lap of a travel agent.

Today, although I've travelled to all parts of the world during

the last 20 years—and therefore can be called "experienced"—I wouldn't think of taking any kind of a trip without first consulting a travel agent.

Oddly enough, it is the experienced traveller, rather than the novice, who makes the most use of this expert. The veteran knows that he can do it alone, but he also knows that the travel agent can do it much better. The travel agent is a bonded, reputable businessman with vast experience in the field of travel. He is in daily communication with the leading rail,



"He may surprise you by proving that you can travel abroad as cheaply as you can travel in your own country."

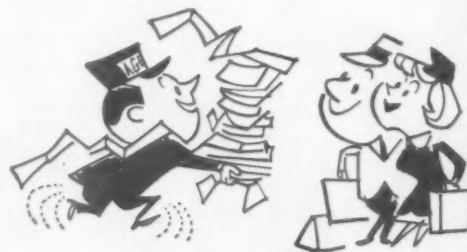
air, and steamship lines. He keeps informed on currency-exchange rates, weather conditions, and Government regulations. He knows what you need to obtain your passport, visa, and international medical certificate. He can make your hotel reservations and arrange for you to be met at airport or dock and transferred to your hotel. He can arrange in advance all sight-seeing services and advise you on the proper clothing for your trip, and outline customs requirements of every country. And, because of his contacts with local representatives of travel agencies throughout the world, he can provide you with the comforting assurance that you have a "friend in every port"—should sickness or accident or other difficulty befall you. In short, the travel agent delivers to the customer a neatly wrapped package

of tickets, coupons, and reservations that will take him there and bring him back, with no responsibilities except that he be at the appointed places on time.

"But," you may say, "why not get all the information I need from air lines, railroads, and other free sources? Why pay a travel agent?"

The answer is that ordinarily you don't pay him a cent for his services. Except for point-to-point travel on domestic railroads, he receives his pay in the form of a commission from the carriers and hotels with whom he books you. The tickets and reservations he obtains for you cost you no more than they would have cost you if you had bought them direct. Carriers have found that this system is better and cheaper than employing staffs large enough to take care of tourists during peak periods of the day.

True, many carriers offer tours that are well planned and excellently conducted. But their offices represent only that one particular service, and cannot be expected to know that another line or combination of lines may offer you a



"... a package of tickets, coupons, reservations."

THAT AGENT

By WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS

better service at a lower cost. A travel agent, on the other hand, is the authorized agent to represent all scheduled carriers. He is in the best position to help you.

I realized this afresh when my wife, Ann, and I took a 42-day package trip through Europe. The agency had helped us to obtain our passports and visas, told us what vaccinations we needed, and secured for each of us the necessary international medical certificate. A well-informed and pleasant courier accompanied our group during the entire trip, taking care of all details: passports, customs, baggage, hotel transfers, tips, and the like. In Rome, Venice, Lucerne, Frankfurt, and other tourist centers local guides took over. Instead of waiting in line at restaurants, we were ushered immediately to reserved tables. When we arrived at a hotel, we were handed the key to our room, and minutes later up came our baggage.

Through ten countries we travelled without a care, with no lost time, seeing the most and the best that could be comfortably packed into 42 days. And we greatly enjoyed the company of our fellow travellers. How, we asked ourselves, could any one person in this group have made all the intricate arrangements for such a trip by himself?

Certainly the conductor of this tour was paid; the travel agency that worked out all the many details was paid; but I also knew that the carriers, hotels, and others who furnished the services

paid the greater portion. Anything we paid over and above this was a bargain, surely.

Your local travel agency, whether it be big or small, is very likely associated with the American Society of Travel Agents. Despite its name, ASTA is an international organization with more than 3,500 active and allied members throughout the world. Because he belongs to it, your travel agent can confidently schedule you through to Baghdad or Kobe or Keokuk, obtaining any information you desire about the points you are to visit from the member agencies there.

The allied members of the Asso-



Advising you on the proper clothes for your trip is part of his job.

ciation are air lines, boat lines, hotels, car-rental agencies, sight-seeing-bus companies, and other firms connected with the travel business. All carefully screened for business integrity and efficiency, they can be relied upon to serve you well and treat you fairly.

I confess that I had my doubts about this once. Arriving in Paris, Ann and I found we had been assigned to a small hotel of 30 or 40 rooms located in the heart of the city's residential section. Rooms were scarce then, for we were attending the 1953 Paris Convention of Rotary International, and we had made reservations at

the last moment. The rates were so low that I doubted at first whether the hotel would be suitable.

I quickly changed my mind. The hotel, used mostly by French people of moderate means, was operated by a woman who tried in every way to be kind to her guests. She showed us quaint little eating places, and once prepared a delicious breakfast for us. The hotel porters were equally helpful. Our ten days there gave us an insight into French life that we would have missed entirely had we stayed at any of the popular resort hotels.

How did the travel-agency business get its start? We can't say for sure. For all we know, some accommodating entrepreneur of Solomon's day may have chartered regular excursions to the hanging gardens of Babylon.

But we do know of the beginnings of Thomas Cook and Son, Inc., and of American Express, the two giants in the field today. Their history parallels the development of the modern travel-agency business, and both cooperate with small independent agencies in providing a wealth of travel service around the world.

Thomas Cook himself got his start one day when he chartered a train from an English railroad and then sold tickets for a 25-mile excursion to a temperance meeting. His business grew at such a rate that he was employed to handle [Continued on page 56]

In the past 20 years, Rotarian Wm. H. Reynolds has travelled widely in Europe, Africa, Asia, the Americas, Australia, New Zealand, and once flew around the world. He has a real-estate firm in Fort Myers, Fla.



Illustrations by Jerry Warshaw



Photo: Conant

A mentor on manners to millions through her syndicated daily newspaper column and a television series, the author has travelled and lectured widely in the United States and abroad. Her Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette is a standard reference work in the field. Born on Staten Island, N. Y., she attended schools in New York and Switzerland before completing her education at New York University School of Journalism. She has three children, collects early American glass and china, and works from her home in a wooded section of Westport, Conn.

RIGHTLY or wrongly, U. S. travellers in Europe have long had a reputation for bad manners. Thackeray, writing to a friend in Philadelphia, said, "The European Continent swarms with your people. They are not all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper at Basel the other night, with their knives down their throats. It was awful!"

I lived in Switzerland as a schoolgirl, and I now travel abroad twice or three times a year. My own observation is this: Americans who frequently travel develop poise, sophistication, and manners that are at least acceptable abroad. Americans going abroad for the first time and perhaps new to travel of any kind often deserve the opprobrium heaped upon their countrymen generally. Perhaps I should apply my maxim "Social security comes with social practice" to travelling and let it be "The frequent traveller is the mannerly traveller."

Here are some do's and don't's for travellers.

Sir, Your Travel

By

Amy Vanderbilt

- 1 Prepare yourself spiritually and intellectually for your trip. Read good guidebooks before you go; learn something, at least, of the language, geography, and history of the countries you will visit. The very fact that you have made an effort in this regard indicates your courteous interest in the people with whom you will be.



- 2 Travel with an open mind. Do not expect abroad the same food, conveniences, and entertainment you may enjoy at home. Remember, if everything everywhere were the same as it is in your home town, it might be a good world, but it would be dull. Difference is diverting.



- 3 Curb your tendency—if you have one—to rush. A traveller enplaning for Madrid who allots an hour or two to Lisbon, or who, on the way to France or England, shoots out from Shannon Airport for a quick look around, is deceiving himself if he thinks he has done any justice at all to Ireland, Portugal, or even perhaps his final destination, Madrid, if there he spends only a day or so before rushing off to Paris, London, Athens, or Cairo. His confused impressions add nothing to his cultural education.



- 4 Courtesy toward waiters, stewards, maids, and all the others who serve the traveller is always everywhere the mark of the lady or gentleman. But abroad this rule of etiquette is most important. The habit of many of us of entering a shop and asking a salesperson for merchandise without a preliminary greeting and then departing without a farewell is not acceptable in countries where business rela-



Manners!

tions are unhurried and highly courteous. If you cannot say "Good morning" in the language of the country you are visiting, say it in your native tongue. The idea will get across.

- 5 If you are a woman, learn in what countries you may be expected to have your hand kissed and how the rules differ from country to country. In Austria, for example, expect to have your hand kissed charmingly by your partner at the end of a dance, whether you are a *jeune fille* or a grandmother. In Italy, on the other hand, never anticipate that a gentleman will kiss your hand on the street in farewell or greeting—it isn't done. Actually it is against the law, although the law is not strictly enforced. A man travelling abroad should at least know how to kiss a lady's hand gracefully, should she extend her hand to be kissed. Simply take her fingers lightly in yours, bow slightly over her hand (do not lift it to your level), and merely touch your lips to the back of it. You don't really implant a kiss.



- 6 Remember, in any country you stand at courteous attention if the national anthem is played in public places.

- 7 Familiarize yourself with what is considered the correct tipping system in the countries you visit. Do not, with some mistaken sense of generosity, overtip. It can be very disturbing to local economy and strangely can even cause a resentment on the part of the person being tipped.



- 8 Take with you whatever your doctor recommends for possible digestive upsets, then relax. The traveller who is constantly anxious about every bit of foreign food or drink he consumes hardly puts his hosts at ease. If "tourist complaint" should strike, remember it is usually a self-limiting disease. Go through it as gracefully as possible without trying to make it into an international incident. Travellers' digestive upsets are interesting only to themselves. They

are often brought on by indiscreet indulgence in food and drink that, to be fair, might bring on the same reaction at home.

- 9 Never overdress. You may take excellent quality simple clothes when you are going to a country whose standard of living is far below that of your own. If you plan to move in social circles abroad where luxury clothes are needed, wear them, of course, but only with that group. I shall never forget the sight of one of my young countrywomen in a mink coat scrambling up an Alp in Cortina in company with hundreds of appropriately dressed Italians, Austrians, French, English, and sensitive fellow Americans.



- 10 Keep to yourself your political opinions concerning the country in which you are a guest. Unless you have some legitimate reason to do so, don't ask potentially embarrassing questions about the country's economy or religions.

- 11 Don't give what one of my readers calls "shock and shudder" treatment so far as your clothes are concerned abroad. On the Continent and in the British Isles, for example, gentlemen are expected to wear jackets and ties unless they are engaging in active sports or are visiting resorts.



- 12 Do try to take with you some social introductions when travelling abroad. This is how one gets to know a country at least a little from the inside. A gentleman may present such a letter of introduction in making a call; a lady sends hers by hand or through the mail. Be careful to acknowledge social courtesies abroad by sending flowers to your hostesses after private dinner parties or upon your departure.



- 13 Even though you may not use engraved calling cards for social purposes at home, do take a plentiful supply on your travels. In Spain, Portugal, and Italy, for instance, almost every social encounter brings forth a card. It is a courtesy to be able to return one, rather than a scribbled bit of paper. And save the cards you receive from people abroad, keeping them perhaps in a tabbed notebook. Then, following the counsel of wise old Samuel Johnson, you can "keep . . . friendship in a constant repair."

ROCKET TO L

'Passengers to boarding facility 6, please

THE first artificial satellites are now in orbits around the earth and the age of space travel has thereby come closer in one large jump. What next?

Scientists, for the last two decades, have spelled out—often with a profusion of long and complicated equations—just what the future will be like, at least as far as man's conquest of near-by space is concerned. First there will be more and better instrumented satellites for research purposes. Then there will be satellites with television cameras, taking the picture of earth and broadcasting it to the ground, for the benefit of all via the weather forecaster's office who needs such over-all pictures of the earth for reliable forecasts. Then there will probably be television relay satellites, which rebroadcast a picture beamed up to them from the ground to cover an area of millions of square miles with one broadcast.

Then a manned rocket ship will go into an orbit around the earth for the first time. Then engineers will be ready to build the manned space station.

At this point many people are apt to think, or say, "Yes, but . . ."

Yes, it will certainly be nice to sit back and to read about all these accomplishments, even to see many of them unfold on the television screen. But only a very few people will actively take part in all this. Naturally, it will keep thousands of engineers busy, designing everything from such esoteric devices as integrating accelerometers to such prosaic items as air-tight waste-disposal chutes. Even more people will be engaged in building these devices. But the number of people who might be called "flight personnel" will be rather small; most likely they will just number in the dozens at the outset.

This "yes, but" statement is true, but it is not the whole truth. For space travel is not only travel to the moon and the exploration of the neighboring planets Mars and Venus. There is one other kind of space travel which will affect thousands of people even though they may not consider it space travel at first glance. That is space travel "point to point," from one point of earth to another, as a ballistic missile flies, going through space in the process. The difference will be that the point-to-point space ship is both manned and peaceful.

At first glance, travel from point to point on the globe via space seems to be a bit difficult to understand. Everybody remembers having

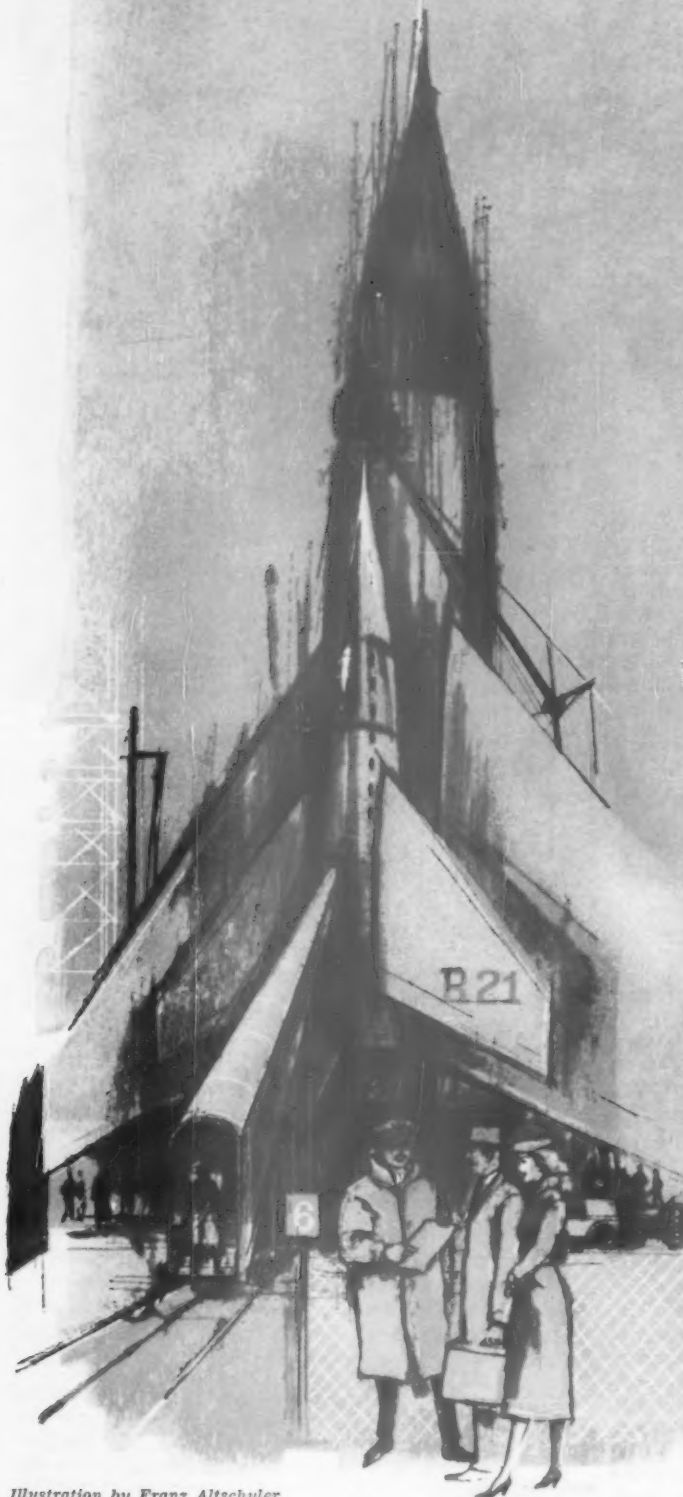


Illustration by Franz Altschuler

ONDON

Mainliner R-21 now ready'

By Willy Ley

learned in fairly early childhood that the shortest distance between two points is the straight line. This is easy to demonstrate on a flat sheet of paper, but try to live up to it in reality. The surface vehicle—car or train—finds that mountains, lakes, or swamps make a shambles of that hypothetical straight line. Ships can live up to it a little better, but if there are no islands or shallows in the way there may be currents which make another route more advisable. Air liners are best off in that respect since the things on the ground are of no interest to them. The air liner can, as a rule, actually fly the great circle course, which is the equivalent of a straight line on the curved surface of the globe.

But the air liner's speed is limited by the very air through which it travels and which it requires for travel. Without air there would be no oxygen to burn the fuel in the engine—it is unimportant whether these engines are piston engines or jets—and without air its wings cannot produce any lift. At the same time the same air produces drag, however, which must be overcome.

The long-distance rocket has taught that the *shortest* distance on the globe is still the great circle course, but that the *fastest* way of travelling is to lift, so to speak, above this great circle course and to go through space above the atmosphere where there is no drag to slow it down. In the case of a rocket the lack of air is all to the good. The rocket does not need wings to lift it. And the rocket motor does not need air for the oxygen it contains, for the oxygen to burn the fuel is taken along in a separate tank, either in the form of pure oxygen (liquefied) or in the form of a compound rich in oxygen, usually nitric acid.

To realize clearly what happens, let us first look at the way a rocket missile with a range of 1,500 miles performs its trip. Such a missile would be a so-called two-stage rocket, one rocket carried by another with the "pay load" in the nose of the upper rocket. Such a missile will take off vertically, no matter where bound. The reason for the vertical take-off is that a large rocket moves very slowly at first. During the first few seconds of its take-off it is not very stable and may conceivably tip over. It might tip over, that is, if it did not take off vertically; in vertical flight it is quite stable. Once it has six or eight seconds to gather speed it can safely be tilted in the direction in which it is supposed to go.

Ninety seconds after take-off the fuel of the first stage, the bottom rocket of the two-stage assembly, will have burned all its fuel. In the process of burning the fuel it will have climbed to a height of about 40 miles; it will also be about 40 miles from the take-off site, measured horizontally. And it will be going at the rate of about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles a second. Now the

upper stage takes over. It lifts out of the first stage and continues to accelerate under its own power. This does not mean that the first stage "drops down," as one can often read. The lower stage merely falls behind. It has a lot of momentum which keeps it climbing, but it is no longer actively propelled. The upper stage, however, is actively propelled, hence it forges ahead.

Another minute later the fuels of the upper stage have been used up. At that instant the upper stage will be about 100 miles above sea level and more than 200 miles from the launching site, measured horizontally. The velocity along its trajectory will be more than two miles a second and it will keep climbing along a slanted curve under momentum. Ten minutes after take-off it reaches the halfway point of its trajectory, which is also the point highest above the ground, nearly 200 miles up. From then on the trajectory begins to curve downward and almost precisely 20 minutes after take-off the missile will strike the target, 1,500 miles from the take-off site.

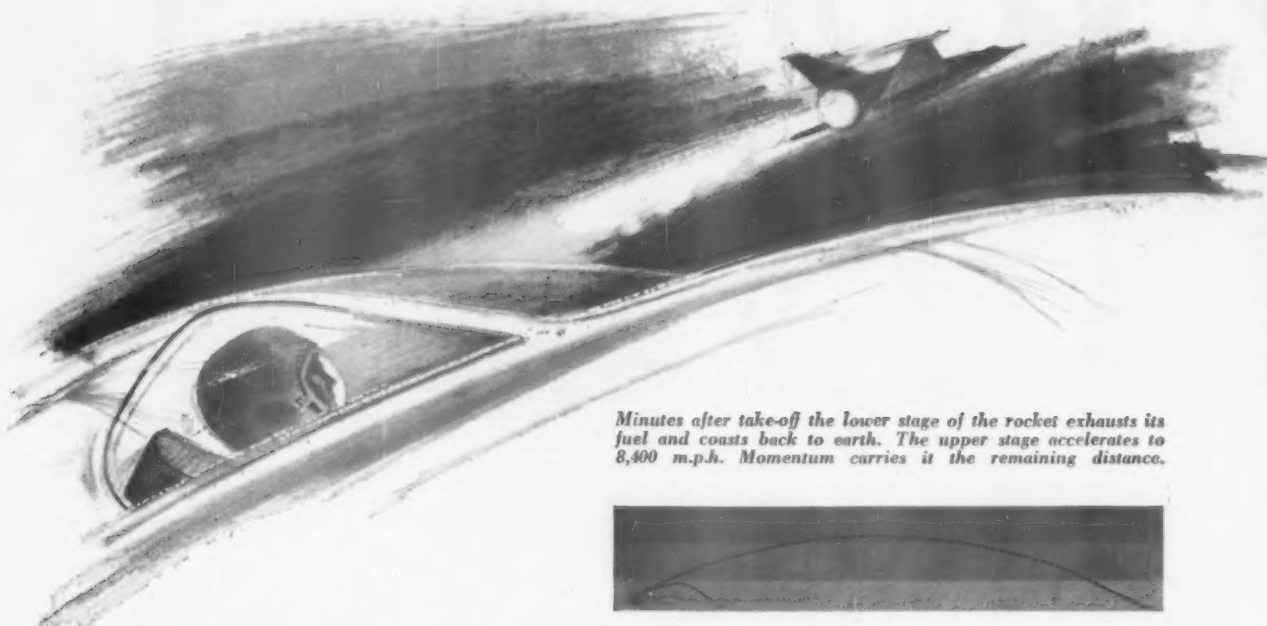
If you divide 1,500 miles by 1,200 seconds in order to find out that the average speed of the missile was 1.4 miles a second, you are correct arithmetically. But it means very little. The speed of a rocket along its trajectory is never the same for two seconds running. It starts out very slowly, reaches a maximum velocity at the moment the fuel is used up, then loses speed while climbing on momentum, experiences the lowest speed at the peak of the trajectory, and then speeds up again because on the downward section of the trajectory the earth's gravity accelerates it.

The interesting point is that a man would survive this 1,500-mile-in-20-minute trip, except, of course, for the final impact. The acceleration while the rocket motor burns is pretty high but tests with giant centrifuges have shown that men can stand far

THE AUTHOR

Rocket expert Willy Ley is one of the most widely published men in his field. He was born in Germany, at 21 was a founder of the German Rocket Society. In 1935 he went to the U.S.A., where he has been a newspaper science editor, writer, research engineer, technical advisor for television and cinema, and lecturer. His home is on Long Island, N. Y.





Minutes after take-off the lower stage of the rocket exhausts its fuel and coasts back to earth. The upper stage accelerates to 8,400 m.p.h. Momentum carries it the remaining distance.

more acceleration (without even "blacking out") than had been thought. High acceleration is tolerated best in a not quite supine position, about the position which is brought about by the so-called contour chairs. Head and shoulders should be slightly raised and the knees pulled up a little bit so that the kneecaps are at about the same level as the chin. When one is strapped to a well-cushioned seat in this position, a fairly high acceleration is not even very uncomfortable, though there is a certain element of surprise the first time one is subjected to it.

After the fuels have been used up, the man in the missile would experience what is technically known as *zero-g*, which means an apparent lack of weight. In this connection this term does not mean that the man would feel as if he were underweight. He'll think that he has no weight at all. This is an experience outside the scope of ordinary daily life. It does happen occasionally for very short periods of time—for example, when an elevator starts going down a bit too fast or when a man jumps into a swimming pool off a high diving board. For a few seconds the high diver is in the air before striking the water he feels weightless, though he usually does not notice it because he is too busy executing the fancy twists and turns which he is exhibiting.

But the feeling of weightlessness could be produced in jet trainers by performing a certain maneuver. Under these conditions it lasted up to half a minute and could be observed in detail. Though a few people maintained that they didn't like it—others said that they enjoyed it—it never did any harm.

So the man in the missile could survive the flight if it were not for the impact. How can that impact be avoided? Quite simply: by making the upper stage look like a delta-winged jet plane and using the

wings to make a glide when the missile reenters the atmosphere. As the glide progresses, the airplane-shaped upper stage would become slower and slower and would finally land on an airport precisely like any other airplane. As a matter of fact, its landing speed would be lower than that of the passenger planes now in service.

Now this takes care of the upper stage and the man (or the people) in it. But how about the lower stage? In the case of a military missile the lower stage is simply to drop and to smash itself to bits in hitting the ground. The only thing the planners are concerned about is that it does not fall on friendly territory. But for commercial operations the loss of one first stage per flight would be an impossible financial burden.

How can the loss of the expensive lower stage be avoided?

The principle is the same: the lower stage is provided with wings too and has a pilot of its own. When the upper stage has detached itself from the lower stage, the pilot of the lower stage will take over and guide his craft to a conveniently located airport. It is just barely possible that he can succeed in flying a half circle with the lower stage and put it down on the same airport from which he took off. But it is possible that his speed will be too high for anything but a straight-line flight, in which case he would land on another airport some 250 miles away from home base.

The probability is that his ship, after refuelling, could serve as lower stage from this airport for another flight. If not, there is a suggestion made by Darrell C. Romick, of Goodyear Aircraft. Romick pointed out that such a lower stage could be airworthy if it had another power plant and suggested that the vehicle be built in such a way that "jet

Pods," similar to those of the B-47 jet bomber, could be attached to its wings for the flight to home base.

In over-all appearance the rocket passenger liner can take two shapes. One is that of a large delta-winged rocket standing on its tail, carrying the smaller delta-winged upper stage (which is the one that houses the passengers and makes the whole trip) on its nose. The other possible shape is that the lower stage carries the upper stage pick-a-back. But it would still stand on its tail.

Maybe you'll be saying at this moment that nobody will ever succeed in getting you up in one of those things. If that is your opinion, go ahead and say so—we do have free speech. But in 1970, if not earlier, you'll call up your travel agent and say: "Jack, pull strings, use your influence, do what's necessary, but get me on the rocket liner for London tomorrow morning."

Then you'll arrive at the rocket port, probably somewhere on Long Island—if you're an American. You'll pick seat No. 18 from the indicator because somebody has told you that the seats far back are better. True, you'll be over the wing, but there isn't much to see anyway. You'll find out, if you don't know already, that you have to go to Boarding Facility 6 for Flight 21. Boarding Facility 6 seems to be two miles away through a glassed-over corridor; in reality it is only about 1,000 feet. When you get there, you find a covered mobile escalator ready to lift you to the rocket door; some people get so squeamish when they look down and find that it is about 150 feet from the door to the ground.

At the door the stewardess takes over. You have to climb half a dozen steps of a vertical ladder which is normally hidden in the floor of the center aisle. Seat 18 is, of course, a contour chair with two seat belts, one in the normal place, one just below the knees. Your arms fit into upholstered troughs with a safety clamp across them. The stewardess will offer you a pill which you can refuse if you want to, but most passengers will take it. Why be uncomfortable if it can be avoided? The voice of the captain coming over the loud-speaker will tell you that take-off will be in seven minutes. The acceleration will be around three gravities at its worst; when it gets bad, just hold your breath for the few seconds it will take. He may add that nobody quite knows why holding your breath for that short time makes you feel better, but it is a fact that it does.

For those seven minutes you can stare at your wrist watch if it amuses you, wondering whether it is fast or slow. The practiced traveller has a better system; he thinks of his business at the other end and every once in a while tries to catch a glimpse of the stewardess. When she straps herself in, take-off is close. The rocket motors begin to thunder at the precise predicted instant. They sound much louder to the people outside than to the passengers. You begin to be squeezed into the upholstery: the ship is lifting. In front of the cabin—which is above your head—luminous figures tick off the seconds which have elapsed since take-off. After "65" the figures turn red: high acceleration ahead.

Ten seconds later they are white again and the

sound of the rocket motors sounds different; the upper stage is now operating on its own. Things repeat as before, white figures jumping: 32, 33, 34, 35 . . . turning red again after a while. Suddenly the red figures are replaced by a green star. Acceleration is over, the ship now flies on momentum. You try to look out of the windows and notice that they have turned almost opaque. Just a faint light shimmers through them. And you feel completely weightless for a moment, then a little weight comes back; if you stepped on a spring scale, the pointer may indicate all of 20 pounds.

Your captain speaks: "Well, we got rid of the lower stage all right and if we are not on course we are so little off that my instruments cannot sense it. We are now about 80 miles up and will keep climbing for a while. I have a tiny cruising motor running to give you some weight. I had to blacken out the windows because in our present position the sunlight splashes from one wing into the cabin and that wouldn't be good for your eyes. Just wait ten more minutes—then the sun will be behind us and you can look out. When the green light went on, our speed was an even 8,400 m.p.h. along the trajectory. We have lost an m.p.h. or two by now, but I promise we'll be on time."

The stewardess helps you to "fold" your chair, which means that it assumes a shape closer to a normal chair. You can loosen your straps, but it is not recommended that you take them off completely. You don't know how to behave when weighing nearly nothing. You do get a few refreshments soon and the windows become transparent. You look at the black sky and at the stars which look clearer than they ever did before. You probably doze off . . .

Is that a faint and very high scream? You can't be quite sure, but the captain tells you: "The screech you hear just means that we have reentered the atmosphere. Stay in a seated position from now on,

NEXT MONTH—

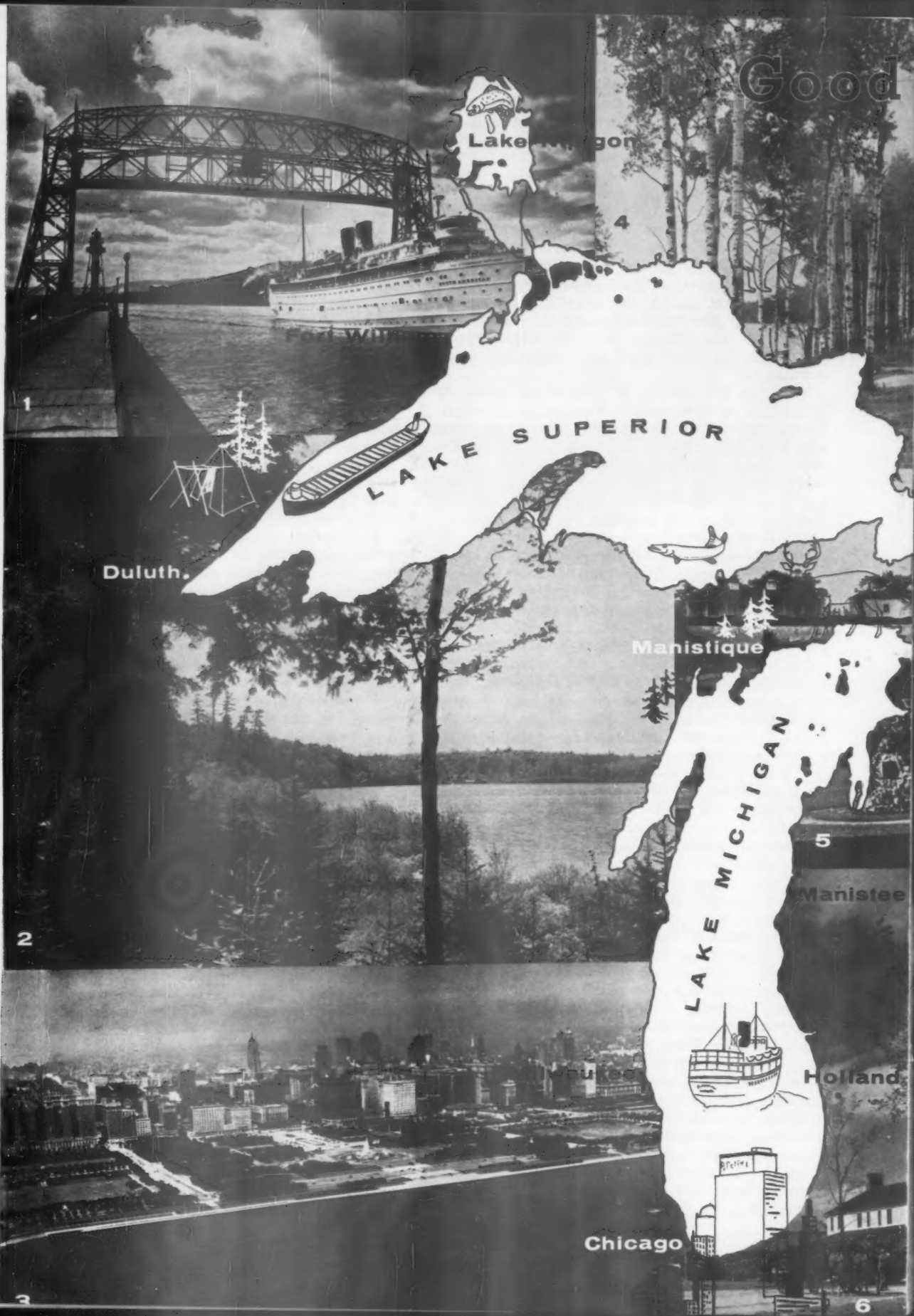
A Texas and Southwest Issue of 'The Rotarian'

but please fasten your belts." The windows again are not windows anymore, but this time because metal shutters on the outside have closed over them to protect them from the air rushing by. The air-conditioning machinery prevents you from knowing or feeling it, but the ship is heating up; the sharp nose begins to glow a dull red.

Without much advance warning there is a steep bank; you know that the ship must be quite slow now or else it could not do that. For a moment you catch a glimpse of something that seems to be a string of runway lights. Then the bump of the landing. You have travelled for one hour and 15 minutes, with less than four minutes of it under acceleration. With some trouble you straighten up and walk to the covered escalator.

Just beyond the horizon there is London.

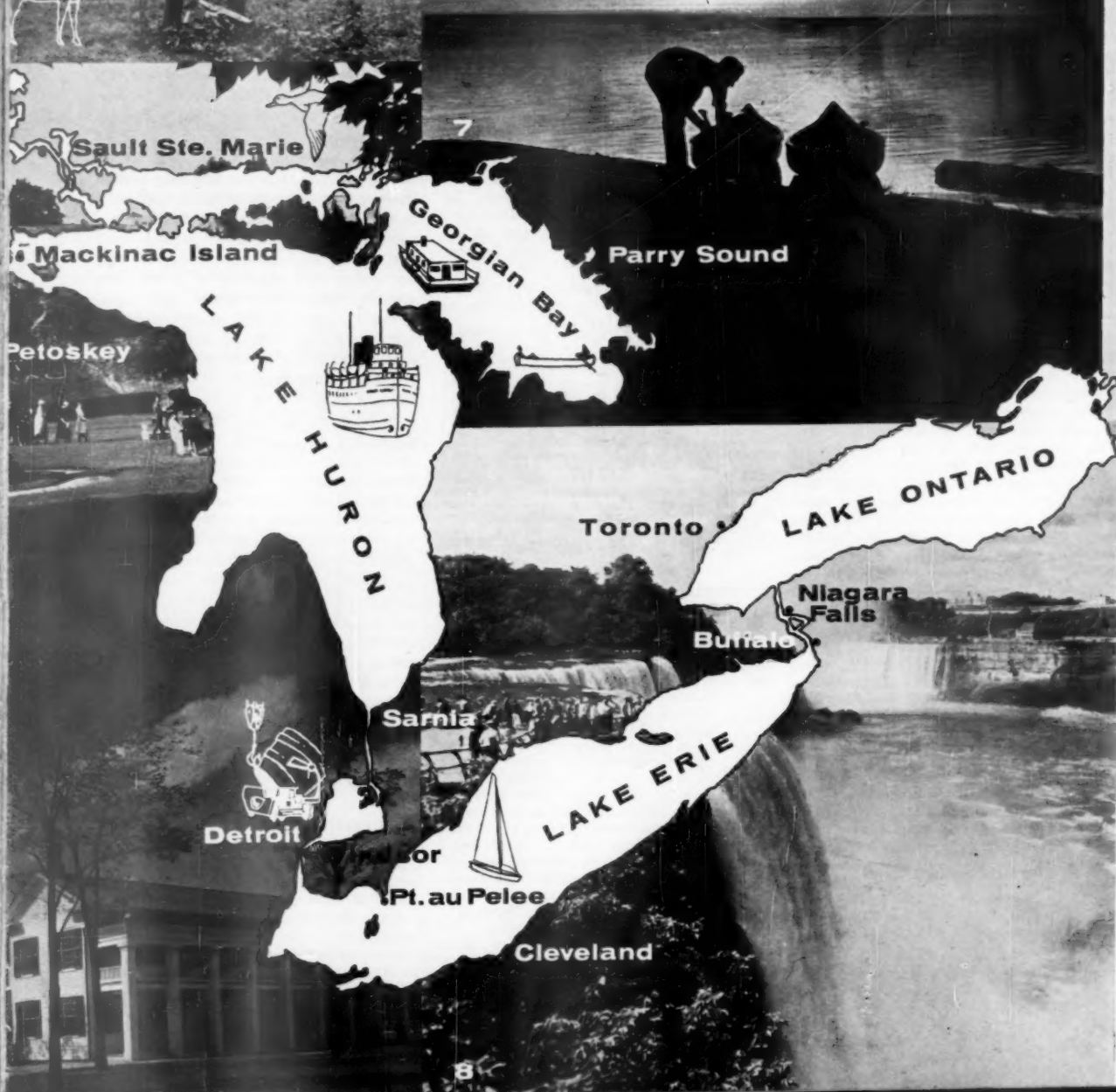
Good



Buy for a Bon Voyage

WHAT IS your vacation pleasure? A campsite near a balsam-scented forest and a quiet lake? The flavor of big city life? Name it and you'll likely find it in the Great Lakes region, an easy-to-reach, variety-spiced land in the bosom of the North American Continent. You can relax on a 2,200-mile cruise to Duluth (photograph number one), fish Wisconsin waters (2), have fun in cosmopolitan Chicago (3), or camp out on a birch-rimmed lake near Kenora (4). If you crave history, bicycle about automobileless Mackinac Island (5) or roam Greenfield Village near Detroit (6). Rugged type? Paddle into the canoe country of Ontario (7). Sight-seer? Join the throngs who watch the Niagara tumble (8). There's a niche for every vacation desire—and budget—in the Great Lakes region.

Photos: (3) © Chicago Aerial Survey Co.; (7) Gendreau; (8) United Press



Speaking of BOOKS

**Books which will help ready you for travel
... and winners of the 'Desert-Island Contest.'**

By JOHN T. FREDERICK

THERE are two kinds of travel books: those that are primarily helpful tools, providing practical information; and those that give the reader background and overtones of travel experience and hence are rewarding reading for those of us who travel only in imagination.

For persons who travel the United States, a fine book of this second group is *Parade with Banners*, by Donald Culross Peattie, who contributes one of his beautifully written articles to this issue. In *Parade with Banners* he shares with us his sensitive observations of Washington, the Rockies, and other areas, and in a fine chapter called "Discovering America" considers most sensibly the best way to travel and the most important things to look for. Useful and also enjoyable is Nelson Beecher Keyes' *America's National Parks*, with its more than 500 fine pictures.

Canadian parks are included in Mr. Keyes' book. For both the prospective traveller in Canada and the reader who stays at home, I recommend with real enthusiasm *Canada, Tomorrow's Giant*, by Bruce Hutchison. I have praised this Canadian writer's books before. In this one we join him in leisurely, keenly observant travel throughout Canada—its cities and its villages, its farms and its factories. Past and present are interwoven in this narrative—and the future too. Mr. Hutchison's grasp and insight are profound. His writing is excellent, as readers of his several articles in this Magazine well know.

Crossing the Atlantic can be more than a mere interval in time if you read Leonard Outhwaite's *The Atlantic: A History of an Ocean*. This is a big book of a new kind, which combines the history of Atlantic travel, warfare, and trade with modern scientific knowledge of the ocean and a fresh conception of the Atlantic community of nations.

I've long thought I'd like to visit Norway. In Harlan Major's *Norway* I find what must be the best possible substitute for actual travel: a constantly lively account of husband-and-wife experience in exploring the length and breadth of that beautiful land. This book is indeed good reading—one of the finest travel books I have ever read. A similar personal quality, and the blending of illuminating factual background with a narrative of day-to-day experience, is offered

by Hendrik de Leeuw in *Crossroads of the Zuider Zee*. These qualities mark also *A Traveller in Rome*, by H. V. Morton, and *The Expanding Eye: A First Journey to the Mediterranean*, by Peter Green.

Finally, two books of the "tool" variety. One is *The Poor Man's Guide to Europe*, by David Dodge. Indeed, one doesn't have to be literally poor to find this book rewarding. Most of us must travel on limited budgets and all of us would like to get for our money the rewards that are most significant and lasting, rather than to spend it needlessly. Space is perhaps as much of a problem for the European traveller as money. In this regard Muriel Wilson Scudder's *Europe in a Suitcase* will prove an excellent small investment, with its specific advice on how and what to pack and its additional suggestions on ways to gain the utmost from what one has to spend of money and of time.

Books reviewed, publishers, and prices:
Parade with Banners, Donald Culross Peattie (World, \$3.50).—*America's National Parks*, Nelson Beecher Keyes (Doubleday, \$7.50).—*Canada, Tomorrow's Giant*, Bruce Hutchison (Knopf, \$5).—*The Atlantic: A History of an Ocean*, Leonard Outhwaite (Coward-McCann, \$6.50).—*Norway*, Harlan Major (McKay, \$4.50).—*Crossroads of the Zuider Zee*, Hendrik de Leeuw (Arco, \$3.75).—*A Traveller in Rome*, H. V. Morton (Dodd, Mead, \$6).—*The Expanding Eye*, Peter Green (Abelard-Schumann, \$4).—*The Poor Man's Guide to Europe*, David Dodge (Random House, \$3.50).—*Europe in a Suitcase*, Muriel Wilson Scudder (Scudder, Abbey Road, Manhasset, N. Y., \$1).

LAST JULY I presented my 2½-foot shelf of paperback books—the ones I would take to a desert island—and then asked readers what book they would add. I invited letters, and we made a "Desert-Island Contest" of it, the Editors offering \$50 for the best letter (up to 300 words) to reach me by October 1. Letters by the score came in from seven countries, and so uniformly high was the quality of them that the judging, which I took unto myself, proved extremely difficult but thoroughly pleasant. Here, then, are my choices of the best letter and five especially meriting honorable mention. To these latter the Editors have promised unexpected prizes of \$20 each.—J. T. F.

The Winner—\$50 Prize

Letter from May Mackintosh

*Wife of Rotarian
Hamilton, Scotland*

I RECALL with the same amused appreciation of 20 years ago the words of A. A. Milne's preface in my school edition of *Alice in Wonderland*. "If ever I find myself in the dock," he wrote, "—and who knows but I may—when the Judge dons the black cap and says, 'Prisoner at the Bar, have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced' I hope I will reply, 'Well, if I might just recommend a book—!'"



May Mackintosh

I, too, feel that, even in *extremis*, I would recommend *Alice* and that on a desert island its magic quality would endure. It bears unmistakably the stamp of the classic, a quintessence of humor, tenderness, and wisdom that makes it the possession not of one nation, nor of one age alone, but of all. Within its timeless pages, Carroll has imprisoned those happy days of childhood when it is always sunny afternoon. Yet it is not essentially a child's book. *Alice* is each one of us, lost in this technological age, enchanted and alarmed in turn. Her amazed survey of the White Rabbit, perpetually hurrying and perpetually concerned with his watch, is our wondering gaze upon the scientist, urging us forward to an appointment at an unknown time, in an unknown place. We have all met Humpty Dumpty with his lordly disregard for human standards and share *Alice's* exasperation when there are no common referents. Only now, as an adult, do I appreciate her courage before the dictator who cried unreasonably, "Off with her head!" I learned anew that the executioners are but a pack of cards which, like modern dictators, the cold blast of world opinion can bring tumbling down. Remote from human affairs, I could still keep close to the warm heart of humanity, solaced through *Alice* with the knowledge that laughter and courage always, eventually, triumph.

Honorable Mentions—\$20

Letter from Richard E. Bolton

*Postmaster
Monrovia, Calif.*

MY OWN desert-island bookshelf would include Dickens' *David Copperfield*, just as the shelf beside my reading chair has held it now for 30 years.

It is there because the people in it

have become friends of mine just as they were of Dickens, who told so much of his own life in this partly autobiographical novel.

From the rugged independence of Fisherman Pegotty, the studious preparations by young David for a dinner in his room ("with the mutton fetched from a shop"), to the great drama of the tempest and shipwreck, it is a superbly woven tale. And although there are some social and economic implications in it, the book purports to preach no message nor follow any literary trend. Just to be a good yarn of lovable, sturdy Englishmen, with some rascals and "characters," told by a master storyteller, is its reason for being.

Dickens' mastery and touch in this favorite book of mine seem to me to be the mark of a craftsman's pride in his own favorite work. Little sparks of excitement and droll amusement play all around the edges of the central drama of David's life and its relation to the principal characters.

The varieties of experience, the triumphs and disasters, the deep feelings we get for people when we really get to know these friends of David, bulwark our own sense of struggle and despair, of the love and faith of our families and friends, so that to read *David Copperfield* on a desert island would be to people it immediately with old friends and familiar situations from its pages—and it wouldn't be a desert island.

Letter from F. H. Beckett

Chartered Architect
Suva, Fiji

I SHOULD LIKE to squeeze your 30-inch shelf a little tighter: to sandwich in another paperback—Apsley Cherry-Garrard's *The Worst Journey in the World*: Penguin No. 100; published 1948; cost two shillings and sixpence for 250,000 words; thickness one inch.

It is the story of Robert Scott and the challenge he accepted from the Antarctic and the South Pole between 1910 and 1913. Particularly, also, it is the story of the almost Christlike Edward ("Bill") Wilson, Lieutenant Bowers, Seaman Edgar Evans, and Captain Oates. Their names are all now legendary in the annals of human courage and endurance as men who achieved their goal, experienced the disappointment of having been beaten to the Pole by Amundsen, and finally faced inevitable death without a trace of fear or loss of human dignity and selflessness.

No story ever written can have been packed with more adventure or have had a more moving and dramatic ending. The four who died were accompanied by men equally as brave, who endured extremes of suffering in the achievement of an ideal.

It is not because I happen to be British-born that I prize this book so highly, or because I happen to be related by marriage to Wilson's family—although reading certain passages of it makes me just as emotionally sick as when I heard

that Everest had been conquered, not only by a Britisher but by a New Zealander from my old school. No, like all stories of enterprise and courage it is internationally immortal.

I should like *The Worst Journey* included in your list because even the bravest man in the world can be fortified by a knowledge of other men's courage—not how they acquired it but by the mere fact that they had it and used it.

Letter from Samuel D. Allison

Dermatologist
Waikiki, Hawaii

IF I WERE to move from this sophisticated island to a desert one, I would want one book with a light touch—and the light touch of this century. For this I'd think of Nash or Armour, but these men are still alive and perhaps I could read them later.

So for the desert island I'd take with me your books plus the philosophy of a blank-verse poet, archy, the cockroach, as discovered by the late Don Marquis and published in *The lives and times of archy and mehitabel*.

Life on an island would have days of joy and days of sorrow. Calm days, stormy days. On the rainless days I'd solace myself with archy's interview with the pharaoh who was "as dry as the heart of a sandstorm at high noon in hell."

If I dreamed of the marvels of man, I would turn to warty bliggens, the toad, who sat under a toadstool completely contented, as "when the cosmos was created that toadstool was especially planned for his personal shelter from the sun and rain."

If smug about "Service above Self," I'd turn to Aesop as revised by archy and read of the human who saved the lamb from the wolf—and then dined on lamb chops while "meditating on the brutality of wolves and the injustice of the universe which allows them to harry poor innocent lambs."

With your books, plus the wisdom and wit of archy, and the tales of mehitabel the cat, and the illustrations of Hermann, life on any island, desert or sophisticated, would pass with pleasure.

Letter from Lowell H. Harrison

Educator
Canyon, Tex.

YOU ARE WRONG, of course, in several of your desert-island selections. However, accepting your list as it stands, there is another paperbound volume which I would add as a necessity for my personal desert-island library. It is the latest edition of the *World Almanac*.

I do not contend that the *Almanac* is imperishable literature. It could never thrill me as passages of the *Iliad* have, and its lines lack the majestic cadences of the Bible. I would never chuckle over its pages as I have those of *Huck Finn*. Yet under the circumstances in which

books are to be read, the *Almanac* would be indispensable. It would be indispensable because it is almost inexhaustible. Assuming that my sojourn on the island is to be of long duration, I will need books that will entertain and instruct year after year, reading after reading. They must wear well as the slow years pass and their pages crumble. The *Almanac* will still meet this test when many of the other works have had every thrill of anticipation killed by familiarity.

Filled with a mass of vital and trivial facts, the *Almanac* will provide food for thought and reflection year after year. Boxing champions, gold production in Africa, alcohol taxes collected, *Lisa* stolen (1911), batting averages, postal rates, Winston Churchill, bishops of the Methodist Church, Zuyder Zee (Neth.)—there is material that will stand the test of many years and many readings. I shall still be absorbing new facts when the rescuers finally come.

The *Almanac* will have an incidental benefit when that day arrives. Thanks to it, I will be prepared for a sensational TV career on whatever quiz programs may be popular then.

Letter from Agnes F. P. Greer

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHEN I was a child, we were allowed to read only two books on Sunday. One was the King James Version of the Bible and the other was *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*.

My brother and I checked and rechecked the addition in the Book of Numbers, read aloud passages in the Bible that pleased our ears whether we comprehended them or not, and were blissfully unaware that the translation was not according to modern findings. We would not have cared in any case for it pleased us as it was.

Webster's Unabridged (Merriam, of course) was in a way more exciting, for the range of knowledge found on one page was overwhelming. It seemed to us that all knowledge was between the covers of that one book.

I am certain some sort of a dictionary should be included.

If I were to be on a desert island alone, I'd want to be in touch with all knowledge. I enjoy knowing how things develop, so I'd like to read about a word and see how it grew to mean what it does today. If others or even one other were also on the desert island, I think it might be a very good thing to have an authority acceptable to all to decide arguments which would arise.

If you think an unabridged dictionary would not be fair, do the best you can for me, but I insist on an American dictionary and prefer Webster.



PEEPS

at Travellers' Aids

BY ROGER W. TRUESDAIL, PH.D.

Address inquiries concerning items to "Peeps," THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.



Traveller, arise and shine! This alarm clock has a luminous dial which is surrounded by a frame which shows the time of day the world over. It is light weight, comes in a leather case.

Nelson



Serving the user as a bottle guard, a travel kit, or a toiletries case, this aid to the traveller is made of glove-like leather in tan or ranchide colors, measures 14 by 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.



Perry

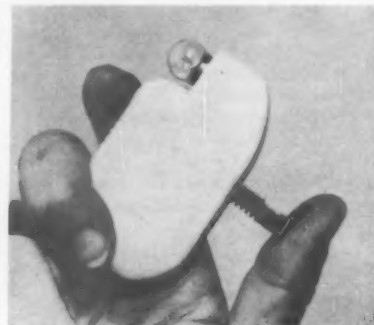
High on the list of any traveller's useful items might well be this compass cup which telescopes into a snug fitting case. A magnifying lens is an aid to reading of maps and fine print.



A removable brush in this brush-manicure set permits washing of the nylon bristles. The manicure set comes in three colors of calfskin. Woman's set has gold-plated fittings; man's, chrome.



Whether in a land where a hat is an optional or a required item, a non-crushable felt takes little space when folded or rolled for packing. The size range of this one: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

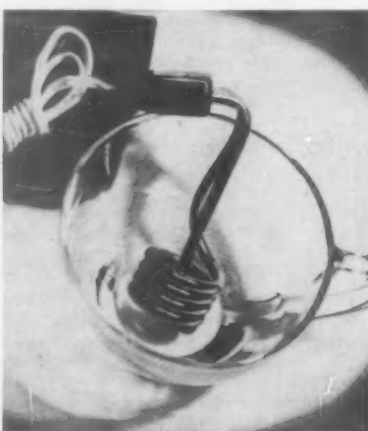


Simply pump the small lever with the thumb and this no-battery flashlight produces a bright beam. Travellers and campers find its strong light a real help. It weighs only three ounces.

Nelson



This precision-built, self-powered shaver winds up like an alarm clock for a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -minute shave. Basis for its top performance: its extremely high RPM and its patented shaving head.



Handy for boiling water for tea or coffee, or warming the baby's bottle, is this immersion heater which plugs into an AC outlet. It is of such a size it fits into a pocket or purse.



Worried about conversion of currency? This wallet may help you, for it has a currency converter for eight types of money. It also has pockets for tickets, baggage checks, and passport.



WHEN it made its bow on the world stage in January, 1911, THE ROTARIAN went to about 3,000 men in 16 communities in the United States and Canada. Today it goes monthly to 360,000 men in 117 countries and to thousands of schools, libraries, hospitals, old-folks homes, ships, airplanes, and barber shops besides. And the Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA, goes monthly to 42,000 more men and institutions.

Your Magazine goes home. It goes in every possible case to the subscriber's residence. This means that, usually, the first person to see it is the lady

of the house. And, usually, she reads it. She uses it in her own club work; she writes to the Editors about it; she contributes to it. She may even engage in contests over it.

That is what Lucille Bianchi Sink, of Cloverdale, California, did last Spring. Learning from her husband, John, who owns a winery, that his Rotary District 513 was staging a contest on "Why I Read THE ROTARIAN Magazine" for wives of Rotarians, Lucille entered it—and won first prize (an imported brass tray). You meet her and her children below and see her winning entry to the left of them.

Why I Read 'THE ROTARIAN'

By LUCILLE BIANCHI SINK

THERE is a time for everything in each of our lives. These are my precious fleeting moments with my children. Someday it will be my time to travel. Now, however, via THE ROTARIAN, I may pick an iris in Australia, drive the deserted roads along Hungary's borders, cheer a track meet in North Borneo, walk the forests of Finland, buy a watch in Switzerland, and study art in Sweden. I may see the highlands of Scotland, a dying child in India, and a white-washed house in Southern Italy. I may watch boys and girls from my own beloved country give blood to save lives.

I journey to everywhere and home again, and throughout my ROTARIAN sedentary flight my hand is grasped in friendship and understanding in 100 countries of this world. I touch the heart of Rotary and the soul of man.



Photo: Tifflon

Applause in Bronze

CHARLES S. MOTT has all a man could want, of material things—or could buy them. He is a millionaire many times over—or was until he started giving away his General Motors fortune. His riches notwithstanding, Charlie Mott welcomed with a big smile a simple piece of bronze his Rotary Club handed him some months ago. The lettering on it said: *Presented to Charles Stewart Mott by His Fellow Rotarians in Flint in Honor of the Signal Recognition Accorded Him in the June, 1957, Issue of THE ROTARIAN and His 82d Birthday, June 2, 1957.* You see the then Club President Reverend F. P. Bennett presenting the plaque to the Michigan motor magnate. And the "signal recognition"? It was the article *Flint—Where It's Fun to Be People*, which told the Mott story. . . . Probably never before had anyone hailed an article in this Magazine so enduringly.



A Reflection of You

"THE ROTARIAN is you in print . . . your voice . . . your ideals . . . your projects. No other Magazine can say as much." Thus spake *Rotareview*, the weekly bulletin of the Rotary Club of Fallbrook, California, a few weeks ago. And when the 58 members got to the next meeting, they saw this paper-and-ink reflection of themselves analyzed in a special display prepared by the Club Magazine Committee and its Chairman, George E. Roesch. "Art—Entertainment—Fellowship—Travel—Business—Rotary News—you find all these in your Magazine and they only scratch the surface." That was the message of the display. . . . There'll be displays of many kinds in thousands of Clubs in the last full week of January during "Rotary's Magazine Week." However made, they will celebrate the birthday of a publication that mirrors the face of its owners—the 9,600 Rotary Clubs.



Twice the Mileage

WHAT DO YOU do with your old copies of this Magazine? Save them? Burn them? Pass them on? The 45 Rotarians of Newton Square, Pennsylvania, pass them on—but by a unique method. The Club Magazine Committee thought it up. Once a month every local Rotarian receives with his copy of his Club bulletin a yellow, gummed sticker. An address has been typed on it and a 4-cent stamp affixed. At once the Rotarian reaches for his current copy of THE ROTARIAN and sticks the sticker over his own address label. Then when he and his family have finished with the Magazine,

he drops it in the mailbox and it goes to whomever the Magazine Committee has indicated on the label—to non-Rotary individuals, barber shops, doctor's waiting rooms, etc. Furthermore, each recipient has been advised by letter that he will be getting THE ROTARIAN by this means. "The plan gives the man on the street an insight into Rotary," says the Club.



There Will Even Be Some Cakes Baked

IT MIGHT SURPRISE you to know how many Rotary Clubs cut a special cake on the birthday of their Magazine—which will be celebrated January 19-25. You are looking at one served a year ago to the Rotary Club of North Oklahoma City, Okla., where Rotarians thought they needed the feminine touch for the job and thus brought in some of their ladies. The cake saluted Rotary International on its Magazine's anniversary. . . . Maybe your Club doesn't like cake and prefers some other kind of observance. Ideas abound . . . and your Club Magazine Committee

has them and will have more when special materials now in the mails reach it. "If You Were Editor . . ." is one suggested program that might catch your Club's fancy. It calls for a brief, brisk, and stimulating survey of local reading interests and ends with some surprising facts about your Magazine.



'Whale of a Time' in a Whaling Port People are friendly in a whaling port. If you need any proof, you might ask any one of the 35 students and teachers from the United States who toured Europe last year and were guests—for 24 hours—of the 6,500 citizens of SANDEFJORD, a bustling town on the South Coast of NORWAY which claims the distinction of being the world's leading whaling port. The tour was arranged through Fairleigh Dickinson College in RUTHERFORD, N. J.; the special visit was arranged by a member of the RUTHERFORD Rotary Club, John Gulow, who had spent his childhood in the small Norwegian community. Tour leaders found that the schedule would permit a day in SANDEFJORD, so the RUTHERFORD Rotary Club asked the SANDEFJORD Rotary Club if its members could provide entertainment and lodging if the group visited them. "Yes," came the enthusiastic reply, and last July, when a chartered bus pulled into SANDEFJORD, many Rotarians and townspeople were gathered to greet its passengers. William Kirscher,

a professor of the College and tour leader, presented a flag of the United States to Vice-Mayor Fogstad, of SANDEFJORD (see photo). The tourists were special guests at several dinners (including a tasty smorgasbord), toured many places of interest near-by, and were guests in the homes of local residents. Departure time came all too soon for the group, which unanimously agreed that the visit was the most significant day of the tour.

25th Year for Six Clubs

Six Rotary Clubs will observe the 25th anniversary of their charter this month. Congratulations! They are CIEGO DE AVILA, CUBA; DJIDJELLI, ALGERIA; MAR DEL PLATA, ARGENTINA; JÖNKÖPING, SWEDEN; GRAFTON, AUSTRALIA; and JAMAICA, N. Y.

Man, oops! Ape about Town

October 1 arrived about as expected in SUNBURY, PA. But for at least one officer of the SUNBURY Rotary Club, October's dawn meant something special and ominous—the passing of the first quarter of the Rotary year and the onrush of the second. It was decreed that this particular day would not soon be forgotten by the Club's Committee Chairman. That Club officer wanted to stress the fleeting of time to the Committee that was "ready, but..." At the same time he wanted to mark the milestone for others who had been hard at work. SUNBURY's solution was this: A well-dressed man wearing a mask of an amiable ape was turned loose on the morning of October 1. By noon he had personally and unceremoniously made unannounced visits to the office or home of every Committee Chairman, talking, laughing, pleading, and sometimes dodging his way straight through to "the boss." Hesitant receptionists, startled clients in the waiting room, and disgruntled conferees posed no problems for the resourceful caller. Under the impact of his unexpected appearance, he presented each Chairman with a large envelope addressed to his personal attention, cautioned that the contents were of grave importance, and rapidly departed before the morning calm was restored (see photo).



Photo: Sunbury Daily Item

If Darwin could have been in Sunbury, Pa., last October, he would have concluded that the species is regressing. The stunt had a purpose (see item).

Each envelope contained a somber greeting, tolling the death of the year's first quarter, listing the vagaries of the time remaining, and challenging the Chairman: "Are you ready for work... or a wake?" and "What is your Committee compiling—big news or obituary?" Border motif of the card was a tapestry of the Club's 1957-58 slogan for all Committees: "Conceive—Commence—Complete."

The unorthodox figure was a non-Rotarian secretly enlisted through his reputation as a well-known amateur entertainer. Commissioned to "get the man at his desk," he went about the SUNBURY business district with a flamboyance



William Kirscher, of Rutherford, N. J. (right), presents the flag of the United States to Vice-Mayor Fogstad, of Sandefjord, during a visit (see item).



Guests from Europe, Asia, and islands of the South Pacific, and a cosmopolitan cuisine gave the World Fellowship Week dinner of the Rotary Club of Papakura, New Zealand, a very interna-



tional flavor. They ate pasta and noodles at the Continental table, fried chicken and baked kumara on South Sea Island mats, and chicken chow mein (using chopsticks) at the Oriental table.

that attracted hundreds of persons, inspired spontaneous questions, and earned news and picture coverage in the *Sunbury Daily Item* that evening.

Identity of the courier, styled loosely as ROC ("Rotary's October Conscience"), was not revealed until two days later when he appeared, again by surprise, at the Club meeting.

Record for the morning's work: 24 of 27 Chairmen "served" through personal contact; startled and anxious 'phone calls to the Club President from Chairmen in varying states of apology, astonishment, and activation; a fatigued "ape" man who removed his mask with the words, "Never have I seen so much panic and amazement in one morning's work."

Awaits Only an Artist's Brush

To the south are flat lands; to the north are the hills of Ellezelles and Frasnes; between them are the towns of ATH and LESSINES, BELGIUM, with their old, winding streets and picturesque waterways. And in ATH there is a young Rotary Club with new ideas. One day last year the members surveyed their scenic area and wondered if the artists, particularly painters, of Belgium and other European countries were aware of the beautiful landscapes and interesting subject matter that awaited artistic interpretation. So the members decided to make the region better known. They announced a painting contest (which ended last October) and sent descriptive brochures to 2,000 artists.



An intercity meeting at the Rotary Club of Chihuahua, Mexico, coincided with a parade and other festivities of a Mexican holiday (also see item).

The theme of the paintings treated the countryside in several areas selected by the Club. First prize, to be awarded by the Rotary Club of ATH, is 10,000 Belgian francs. The Club also plans to hold a national exhibition of the paintings.

Great Day on the Border

It all started inconspicuously enough a year ago when the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of EL PASO, TEX., discussed the possibility of arranging an intercity meeting with the Rotary Club of CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO. Four months later two busses and a caravan of cars carrying members and wives of several Southwestern United States Rotary Clubs were waved through the border customs stations, and, soon after, 300 men and women from both sides of the Rio Gran-

de were getting acquainted in a successful program in CHIHUAHUA. The Clubs took part in a parade celebrating the 5th of May National Mexican holiday (see photo), rounded out the busy day with a banquet, speeches, and music.

Not long ago the Rotary Clubs of KINGSTON, N. Y., and KINGSTON, ONT., CANADA, observed the completion of a new bridge across the Hudson River. One part of the observance was a joint meeting of the Rotary Clubs of KINGSTON, RED HOOK, and RHINEBECK, N. Y. The Clubs started a "rotating gavel" plan. A message accompanying each gavel read, in part: "We should stress the fact that the United States and Canadian border is not an edge, it is not a wedge—it is a pledge of reverence for identity in an International Fraternity. A bridge is a hope built on faith. Now that the material bridge is in daily use, we must erect a spiritual span over . . . the great canyons of doubt."

Canadian coins that accompanied each gavel will be delivered to the KINGSTON, ONT., Club during another intercity meeting.

Sputnik Steals Show

THE Rotary Club of Tokoroa, New Zealand, meets every Wednesday just about the time the sun is dipping into the broad waters of the South Pacific. One recent Wednesday evening the 36 Club members heard a talk by J. B. Coulter, of Putaruru, on "The International Geophysical Year." He concluded his address with a vivid description of Sputnik I, the satellite recently launched by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. He ended the talk, then led the group outdoors at the precise moment when the satellite, clearly visible to the naked eye, was streaking across the darkened northern sky. A spectacular conclusion to a most interesting talk, writes a Club spokesman.

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21 New Clubs in Rotary World

Since last month's listing of new Clubs in this department,

Rotary has entered 21 more communities in many parts of the world. The new Clubs (with their sponsors in parentheses) are: Luanshya (Ndola), Northern Rhodesia; Mhow (Indore), India; San Cristóbal (Artemisa), Cuba; Rodriguez (Santa Lucia), Uruguay; Cento (Ferrara), Italy; Valledupar (El Banco), Colombia; Denny, Scotland; Tredgar, England; Springhill, La. (Magnolia, Ark.); Payson (Phoenix), Ariz.; Springfield Township-Flourtown (Ambler), Pa.; Itajubá (Taubaté), Brazil; Willow Springs (Mountain View), Mo.; Hawley (Honesdale), Pa.; Gentilly (New Orleans), La.; Fabriano, Italy; Empoli, Italy; Salies-du-Salat, France; Itajobi (Novo Horizonte), Brazil; Monte Arpazível (Mirassol), Brazil; North Dade-North Miami (Miami North Shore), Fla.

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And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as \$250-\$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, or South America; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or elsewhere. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get 'Travel Routes Around the World.'"

It's yours for just \$1, and the big 128-page 1958 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost plus pages and pages of maps.

A big \$1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

Will Your Next Vacation Really Be Something to Remember?

The surest way to guarantee a new, different, and exciting vacation is to learn the hundreds of things you can do and the places you can visit on the money you want to spend.

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In his big book, you learn

- about low-cost summer paradises, farm vacations, vacations on far-off islands, on boats drifting down lazy streams while you fish.
- about vacations at world-famous beaches, under palm and eucalyptus trees, in government-subsidized vacation resorts, in Indian country, along rugged coastlines, on ships and by rail.
- about dude ranches you can afford; what to see, do, and how to save at national parks and in the cities most Americans want to visit.
- about low-cost sailing ship cruises, houseboat vacations in the North Woods, fantastically low-cost mountain vacations, the unknown vacation wonderlands almost at your front door.

Of course, Norman Ford knows where to get real vacation bargains in all America, from Maine to California, and in Canada, Mexico, etc. At no time does he ask you to spend a lot of money to enjoy yourself, no matter how really different and exciting is the vacation you choose through his experienced advice. Always, he tells you the many things you can do within your budget and how to get more for your money (if you travel by car, he shows how most auto parties can save \$6 or \$7 a day).

You can't help but learn something that is just meant for you. Yet, *Where to Vacation on a Shoestring* costs only \$1. To make sure your next vacation will be something to talk about, get the facts now. Use the coupon to order.

MAKING MONEY FROM FLORIDA REAL ESTATE

...the newcomer's guide to buying a home or income producing property that's worth the money and more.

Almost town by town, development by development, the editors of Harian Publications pinpoint the areas in all this big state where you can get good values even today and experts think property values will increase. Hundreds of government officials, real estate men, etc. were consulted to get the facts even old time residents wish they had and newcomers certainly need to make a sound purchase.

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- How can you—like thousands of others—live rent free in Florida?
- What's the best way to cut the price of the real estate you want to buy?
- How can you tell how much a vacant lot is really worth? That you're not being overcharged?
- Which of two similarly-priced motels could earn \$3000 a year a unit, while another one that looks the same can be empty night after night?
- Why are orange groves a real gold mine for the absentee owner?
- Some kinds of income property have been reported to pay 40% a year. Where could you find such property? Is this the low-cost way to retire to Florida?

Making Money from Florida Real Estate—the book which 300 appraisers, builders, brokers, economists, and other experts helped the editors of Harian Publications to prepare—takes you on an insider's tour of Florida cities and towns: Miami, the Gold Coast, the Keys, St. Petersburg, the West Coast, and all the other four-star regions in Florida. Here's the current real estate picture in each of these—the way to get a good buy in your Florida home, where to get property for the long pull, whether and where to buy income property, and dozens of other important topics.

Your home or other real estate investment is going to cost you thousands. Make sure your money doesn't go down the drain—that you buy property that is valuable today and will be worth even more tomorrow. Only \$2.50—only a fraction of what you're going to spend just to reach Florida—for this detailed guide to making your money do a man-sized job in Florida.

Where Will You Go in Florida? If You Want a Vacation You Can Afford

Florida needn't be expensive—not if you know just where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globe Trotters Club. (Yes, Florida is his home whenever he isn't traveling!)

His big book, *Norman Ford's Florida*, tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation, or looking over job, business, real estate or retirement prospects.

Always, he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise," just the spot which has everything you want.

Of course, there's much more to this big book.

If you want a job or a home in Florida, Norman Ford tells you just where to head. If you want to retire on a small income, Norman Ford tells you where life in Florida is pleasantest on a small income.

Yes, no matter what you seek in Florida—whether you want to retire, vacation, get a job, buy a home, or start a business, *Norman Ford's Florida* gives you the facts you need to find exactly what you want. Yet this big book with plenty of maps and well over 100,000 words sells for only \$2—only a fraction of the money you'd spend needlessly if you went to Florida blind.

For your copy, fill out coupon now.

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A job or a business of your own?

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No matter what you seek in California, William Redgrave's big book *California—the State That Has Everything* shows you city by city, town by town, road by road, everything you'll find in this big state.

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If you're looking for a job or a business of your own, *California—the State That Has Everything* gives you the facts you want. With William Redgrave's help you'll find the California that appeals to you—whole regions with just the degree of warmth and sunshine you want with houses and rentals priced within your means. If you're single you'll find the best places to live for the fun and entertainment you want. If you're a family man, you'll find the best places to raise a family. If you want to retire you'll find the pleasant places in all California to live on a small income.

There's so much more to this book—the facts you need if you're thinking of living in a trailer, the best places to fish and hunt, where to go for a college education, what you'll pay in taxes, how best to find your own retirement or vacation paradise, etc., etc. There's so much information, in fact, that you probably wouldn't learn so much about California in months, even years, of traveling around this big state as you can learn from this one big book. Yet it costs only \$2. Mail coupon today for your copy.

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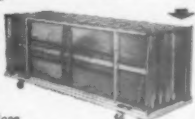
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Join Rotary and See the World

[Continued from page 15]

International tables you find earphones which provide translation of the speaker's remarks into English (also a feature in Yokohama and some other Clubs). In Tokyo, too, the first time you visit you're photographed at your table, and receive a print of the photo on a card which says they were glad to have you. Or if you're the first visitor from your Club, you stand up with the Club officers for a special picture.

The President of the Rotary Club of Dublin, Ireland, an accomplished rose grower, welcomes you with a bright boutonniere which he pins to your lapel.

At many Clubs, if you're lucky enough to be the visitor from the farthest distance, you receive a special souvenir. In Honolulu, Hawaii, it will be a miniature outrigger canoe; in Singapore, a set of Oriental cuff links; in Seattle, Washington, a Club plaque.

Sometimes Clubs have trouble determining just who came the greatest distance. Asked to name the "most distant visitor of the year," sprightly Mary M. Lahiff, Executive Secretary of the Rotary Club of Seattle, confesses honest ignorance: "It might be a visitor from Australia, Bolivia, Brazil, Israel, Japan, Sweden, or Scotland." As in Los Angeles, California, the farthest visitor in many Clubs is the one who comes from "halfway around the world"—you can't come from any farther away than that!

Are you sometimes at a loss in unfamiliar surroundings? The Rotary Clubs of London, England; Quebec, Quebec; and Bombay, India, provide you with helpful tourist information in the form of pamphlets or a souvenir booklet. If you can't find a hotel room in Rome, Italy, the Club will do its best to track one down for you.

Would you like a memento of your visit (in addition to make-up information) to "prove you've been there"? Out-of-country visitors in Denver, Colorado, and thousands of other Rotary cities receive a Club banner. Vancouver presents a Club plaque. Lisbon's make-up card is a picture postcard. Hong Kong's is a card which displays a small map of China and a thumbnail view of modern Hong Kong and its skyscrapers. Acapulco, Mexico; Fort Lauderdale, Florida; Washington, D. C.; Rome, Italy; and hundreds of other Clubs also use the pleasant picture-postcard method of reporting to your home Club Secretary.

Rotary Clubs in Florida face a special "problem": hundreds of all-Winter visitors. The St. Petersburg Club, for example, had a whopping total of 5,988 make-up visits last year. Its President



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Signature _____ Date _____

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introduces all guests from foreign countries "and California." (There's still a bit of friendly rivalry between the two vacation lands.)

Fort Lauderdale (4,876 visitors) has so many Canadians it now treats them as natives. Miami, in a hall seating 400 and its own membership of 341 plus sometimes more than 200 visitors, holds two meetings a week during the height of the Winter season.

The Rotary Club of Miami recalls a pleasant incident of the type all Rotarians like to think is frequent and normal. The son of a Rotarian from France was in Miami looking for business opportunity. Says Club Secretary Harold L. McCay: "We contacted him and learned his capabilities, then referred him to a Rotarian banker who has contacts in Cuba and Puerto Rico. The result: a three-year contract to build a can factory in Puerto Rico."

Make-up visits are often the beginning of long friendships. Examples of this are "too common to comment upon," says the Secretary of the Rotary Club of London, England.

Members of the Rotary Club of Dublin, Ireland, correspond with many former visitors, particularly with one from California whom they've known for six years. Chicagoans write to former visitors from England, Japan, and Germany, and once mailed out 29 tape recordings of a special meeting.

THE Rotary Club of St. Petersburg, Florida, mails about 80 copies of its bulletin to former guests. Bangkok, Bombay, and Lisbon are among the hundreds of Clubs which have exchanged colored slides with overseas Clubs.

Rotarians who have visited in Singapore recall their stay with special pleasure, and make an extra effort to visit the Club the next time they are in the city. Perhaps it's because of the custom Singapore Rotarians have of inviting visitors to share in Committee meetings at their homes. After the meeting the visitors and their wives are entertained at home-cooked dinners.

There's a reciprocal effect here sometimes. Singapore Rotarians do their share of travelling, sometimes taking long leaves to visit the United Kingdom, the U.S.A., and Australia, often looking up people who have visited them. Some Asian and European Rotarians have children in schools far from home. Every so often a visitor will discover that a Singapore Rotarian's child is attending a school near his town. When he returns, he makes a point of looking up the child and giving him all the latest news from home.

And so it goes, all around the world, as men of many lands form links of friendship with each other.

The basis for all this seven-league-boot

travel is the familiar blue-covered *Official Directory*, available to all Rotarians—and only Rotarians—at 50 cents a copy. Here the whole world opens up to you: just reading it is armchair adventure *de luxe*.

Every page charms you, leads you on. Ajax (Ontario, Canada), Ajmer (India), Ajo (Arizona), Akashi (Japan), Akersborg (Norway). Flip the pages: Bloomfield, Blowing Rock, Bogense, Bombay, Bordentown, Boston (either U. S. or England). Try another section: Nome, Norfolk, Norrköping, Northampton (either Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, or England). Los Angeles, Louisville,

Lourdes, Lowell, Lubbock—how temptingly Rotary's way of jumbling geography alphabetically invites you to further travel!

A fascinating book. And helpful! If you want to visit India or any other area and don't know your way around, you'll find that the *Directory* also groups Rotary Clubs by Districts.

Don't think for a minute that this blue-covered book isn't well used in planning many a loyal Rotarian's next trip. For how else, pray tell, can you go, anywhere in the free world, and be so sure of friendly faces and a hearty welcome!

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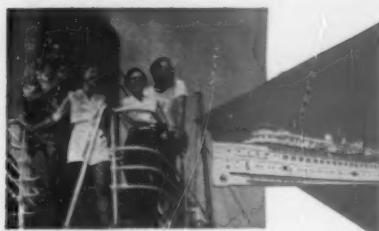
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Bless That Travel Agent

[Continued from page 37]

the transportation of the wounded from General Gordon's Army in the War of the Upper Sudan. Its growth has continued to this day.

The American Express Company had been in the business of selling traveler's checks before World War I, and had offices in many principal cities of the world. When war broke out and Americans had to leave Europe in a hurry, American Express was in an ideal position to handle their exodus. This it did with such efficiency that it was later engaged by the United States Government to handle the return of American troops from Europe after the War. It was a short jump from this to the travel-agency business.

Since then, thousands of agencies have arisen to aid the ever-increasing numbers of people who travel for pleasure and business. Increasing prosperity, population growth, longer vacations, faster transportation permitting long trips in a short time, and promotion of tourist attractions have helped to swell the total—particularly in the last ten years.

Saving the tourist's money is an important function of the travel agency today as more budget-minded people take the trips they have desired for years. Off-season trips at reduced rates and low-cost trips with modest but comfortable accommodations are being stressed. Your travel agent is equipped to steer you toward these bargains. He may represent a large agency or a small one. But size is not a criterion: a one-man agency can give you first-class service.

For the honeymooning couple or the globe-girdling tourist, then, my advice is this: First decide where you wish to go, when you plan to leave, the time you will have for your trip, and about how much you can spend (this last is important, for it's futile to attempt a caviar trip on a hamburger budget). Then take this information to your travel agent. He will try to include all the places you plan to visit and possibly add a few more at no increase in cost. This he will do by using alternate routings so that you don't cover any of the same ground twice. On a trip abroad, for instance, you may use different gateways in entering and leaving your country and the countries you plan to visit.

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'BRIEFS' ABOUT ROTARIANS,
THEIR HONORS AND RECORDS.

FIRST NIGHTER. Few Rotarians have attended more charter nights than YOSHIO KAZU II, of Imabaru, Japan. By the end of September, 1957, there were 232 Rotary Clubs in Japan. ROTARIAN II has been present at the birth of 202. That number would have been even larger but for the fact that sometimes two are held on the same night. Right now he's travelling more than ever, for Rotary in Japan is growing at a rapid rate.

Ocean Hopper. A collection of paintings by SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL will soon be shown in principal art galleries



Hall

throughout the United States, thanks to JOYCE C. HALL, Past President of the Rotary Club of Kansas City, Mo. ROTARIAN HALL, president of a card-manufacturing company, recently made a trip to England to discuss the matter with the famed leader and part-time painter. That's not the only big trip he's taken lately, however. Not long ago he served as U. S. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's personal representative at the inauguration of HECTOR B. TRUJILLO MOLINA as President of the Dominican Republic.

Not a Miss. A thousand-mile journey from Topeka, Kans., to Salt Lake City, Utah, was one of the make-up trips made by ED F. SHONKA, of Chappell, Nebr., to maintain his perfect-attendance record. In his travels he's made up attendance at more than 30 Clubs from Florida to Wyoming. On December 17 ROTARIAN SHONKA was scheduled to attain a record of 25 years of perfect attendance, and his fellows planned to take special cognizance of his excellent record of going places and remembering Rotary at the same time.



Shonka

Shipping Chief. The new general manager of the Cunard Steamship Company in the United States is EDWIN SEYMOUR-BELL, of New York City, N. Y. A Rotarian for 33 years, British-born, he organized some of the first shipboard gatherings of Rotarians during the 1920s. In 1936, when he sailed as managers' representative on the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*, he formed the "Queen Mary Rotary Fellowship" and acted as honorary secretary for six

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ROTARY TRIP

The Int'l. Contacts Committee of the Rosemead, Calif., Rotary Club is planning a 15 day excursion demotion party for Pres. Pat in his home town, Belfast, Ireland. There is room for a few more to join our party. Write V. P. Grotz, 1391 Mar Vista, Pasadena, Calif.; Phone Sycamore 8-5219.

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Tributes. In three different cities of the United States and one in France, Rotarians honored fellow members whose lives have been long and full. S. G. WETZLER, SR., of Roselle-Roselle Park, N. J., who left school at 12 to take a \$2-a-week job in a dry-goods shop and now owns a chemical firm, was fêted on his 80th birthday. . . . In Springfield, Mo., Rotarians paid tribute to fellow members THOMAS T. WATKINS, 92, and EDWARD L. RAIDLER, 91 (see photo). Both men are still engaged in



The white-haired gentlemen in the center are Springfield, Mo., Rotarians Edward L. Raidler, 91, and Thomas T. Watkins, 92, honored at a tribute meeting with an electioneering theme.

business. Both like to get up early in the morning, and both have hobbies as well as work to occupy their time. . . . Rotarians of Nancy, France, marked the 97th birthday of their charter President HENRI BRUN, by establishing a 200,000-franc scholarship fund in his name to help young apprentices. . . . CHARLES W. THIERY, who fellow Belmont, Mass., Rotarians believe is the oldest Rotarian in the world, had a birthday recently: his 107th. Unlike some of the others, however, he is retired; he decided to take it easy at the age of 93.

Rotarian Honors. Beginning his 21st year as vice-president of the National Broadcasting Company is WILLIAM S. HEDGES, Past President of the Rotary Club of New York, N. Y. Associates who term themselves the "HEDGES Alumni Association" recently gathered to mark the anniversary and present their colleague, a veteran of 35 years in the broadcasting business, with a silver trophy. . . . Winner of the Golden Deeds Award of the Nebraska Motor Carriers is JOHN E. EVERROAD, of Omaha, Nebr. . . . Recipient of the 1957 Distinguished Service Award of the New York State School Boards Association is GEORGE D. TAYLOR, Past President of the Rotary Club of Stamford, N. Y., and a Past District Governor of Rotary International.

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Travelling with Nature

[Continued from page 26]

be glad to tell you where you can find a stork's nest, built usually on a wagon wheel which has been invitingly set up on some roof—for a stork in that land is said to bring good luck to those lucky enough to have him as a lodger. Yet most of the storks I saw in Europe were in Spain, where little heed was paid to them. They nested in numbers on the roof of the Escorial Palace. Inside, what I found was gloom, a somber splendor draped over long past tragedies, for here lie the kings of Spain, among them Phillip II, who launched the Armada against England and at last died here by agonizing inches. Quitting the depressing grandeur, I enjoyed the more those great friendly white and black birds, clapping their bills and lifting their strong pinions to greet their mates.

If the birds of Europe draw your attention, you must bend it yourself to find the flowers, especially the shy ones, like the primrose growing, a bit of pale sunshine, on some stream bank. The English love their bluebells too, which grow in lavish masses; these are not like the American bluebell found in the Rockies, but are really a wild hyacinth. Switzerland in Spring is the place and time to grow drunk on wildflower beauty. The traveller there may ask to see edelweiss, assuming it to be the national flower of Switzerland. Not so. Instead this is the *Alpenrösli*, a beautiful little rose-flowered rhododendron which the Swiss keep in their hearts like a secret sweetheart, leaving the edelweiss for those birds-of-passage, the tourists, who buy the shapeless cottony plant from enterprising children by the wayside.

As for me, I love the gentian best, all the many species of it in the Alps. You see them covering the high pastures even before all the snow is melted away, and they go on, one species after another, blooming throughout the brief alpine Summer. They are like bits of blue sky fallen to earth. No, deeper in hue than the sky, and more full of meaning. For the sky's blue is just an optical illu-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Questions

Did "trial and error" bridge the chasm
Between mankind and protoplasm?
And can it be that this good world
Is by blind chance midst chaos whirl'd?

No! I believe the scheme of things
Is ordered by the King of Kings,
And as man's knowledge grows immense
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of our earthbound atmosphere. A gentian is a bit of life, intense, brief, stirring the soul with its beauty.

And the national flower of Scotland? Heather, did somebody say? Sorry, you're wrong. The floral emblem of Scotland is its warlike thistle, bristling with fairy dirks enough for an interclan feud. But it's the bonnie heather the Scot loves, and if he finds the rare white heather instead of the usual purple, he

knows himself in luck—good luck for life, some highlanders think.

For in Europe every flower and fern, every bird and tree, has its legends or its historical, literary, or religious associations. Just so will its association with our own experience add to the meaning of our travels. Abroad or at home, wherever you go, Nature is there, adding a new dimension to each scene you behold.

The Sunny Isles for Me

[Continued from page 19]

Curacao. On other islands travellers buy baskets, chutney, and Madras fabrics. In Curacao they buy diamond tiaras and ropes of pearls! Quality merchandise at rare prices includes jewelry, silver, watches, cameras, and fine china.

The cost of an island holiday depends upon how you go, where you go, and how much you spend when you get there. There are islands in the West Indies which are higher priced than Manhattan, and there are islands where you can live on a shoestring.

You can go by luxury liner, small ship, freighter, or plane. If you go by ship, the ship will be your hotel when you are in port. If you fly, you must pay for bed and board wherever you go. On islands where luxuries (such as frozen foods and hot baths) are available, you will naturally pay more than on islands where refrigeration is scarce and baths are cold.

When I was living in Dominica, I once totalled the cost of a little dinner party. We had rum swizzles with salma gundy and cashew nuts, green turtle soup with cassava wafers, flying fish, yams and mango chutney, roast suckling pig, cristophine, breadfruit, plantain, pigeon peas and banana flambé, avocado salad with guava cheese, stewed guavas in coconut cream, Creole cakes, and Dominican coffee. Everything was bought in the native market, and dinner for six cost less than \$3.

Island fishermen sell their catches by the string—20 cents a string and 10 cents more to clean them. In Tortola I had a cook named Oriental Tonic. She bought a string of fish one day to make a pie, and I asked her to name them. "Buff'lo Haid, Porgy, Yellah-tail, and Ol' Wife," she said; "parrot fish, Doctah fish, and li'l Blue Chub."

In Dominica there are frogs (cra-pauds) that live in the mountains and are called mountain chickens. Served *à la king* in a sauce of coconut cream, they are nicer than any chicken you ever ate. West Indies crayfish are sweet and tender; and crab-backs, tasty. Crab-backs are the highly seasoned meat of blue crabs mixed with a great deal of melted butter, bread crumbs, and garlic, then stuffed back into their shells and baked.

In the West Indies there is almost always an abundance of fish, fruits, and root vegetables. Local meats and fowl are usually tough, and tinned goods are costly.

The exchange currently gives visitors good value for foreign money—\$1 U. S., for example, is \$1.70 Bee Wees (British West Indies) and is worth even more in the French and Dutch islands.

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In many ways the smaller islands of the Caribbean are pretty much alike. Their climate and soil are similar. They all grow sugar, bananas, coconuts, cocoa, and limes. Most of them make rum.

Beneath cloudless skies, their colors blaze—deep green bush and purple hills. Their valleys flame with flowering trees and tropical plants. On some of the islands there is a tree with great white blossoms called Lady of the Night that fills the nights with sweetness. Moon and stars are of amazing brightness. And there are fireflies so big and so bright that three or four of them in a bottle give light enough to read by.

The people are gentle and courteous and kind. Almost all West Indians are dark skinned, the descendants of Africans who were brought from the Gold Coast over a period of 300 years.

The liberation of the slaves ended the fabulous prosperity of the Sugar Islands, and most of the planters of European descent went home. Many of them left their plantations in charge of colored overseers, some of whom, in the course of time, bought out the original owners. Few new planters came out, and decline was inevitable. Big houses fell into decay, and on many plantations the bush took over. For almost 100 years the islands were virtually forgotten.

TODAY'S visitors should learn something of the history of the islands. Most people have no idea how important they were in the 18th Century, or how much English, French, and Spanish blood was shed as nations fought for their possession. If you are planning to visit the West Indies, you should read about the pirates who infested the Caribbean, and the terror in Santo Domingo when a slave became king. Read about the volcano on Martinique which, in less than one minute, wiped out the loveliest city in the West Indies. It is easy enough for an inquisitive visitor to learn a great deal about the islands and regrettable that so few bother to do so.

The best time to visit the West Indies is as soon as you can. But if you are unable to get accommodations at this time, start planning now for another season.

There is a baseless rumor that the islands get terribly hot in the Summer and that it rains a good deal of the time. Nothing of the sort! Tropical showers are brief. And when they are over, there are two rainbows in the sky. In the Spring, prices come way, way down—and everything is bright and beautiful.

Off-season rates generally begin April 15, which is the time the flamboyants begin to bloom and a tree called Shower of Gold puts forth its shining blossoms. If you can't get to the West Indies this Winter, you can look forward to Spring.



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It's Europe for Me

[Continued from page 23]

approach your night's stop, the conductor passes out songbooks and leads the passengers in a few choral numbers.

There are, it is true, occasional language difficulties in the Scandinavian countries, but none which cannot be overcome with a little patience and understanding. If, however, the language problem gives you concern, why not visit Great Britain?

Before World War II the British may sometimes have been a little impatient with foreign visitors. Today, however, everyone goes out of his way to make you feel at home. Prices are reasonable, hotels and village inns are clean and comfortable, attractions are endless.

I have visited Scotland and Ireland, and I have travelled England from the traditional Lands End to John o' Groat's, but I still prefer London. It has a dignity, a charm, and a sense of pageantry which I find in few other cities.

I can spend whole days in London enjoying the simplest of pleasures. The changing of the guard in Whitehall, the sentries in front of Buckingham Palace, the gorgeously attired Beef Eaters in the Tower of London, hold endless fascination. I have looked at the crown jewels so often I think the guards must be a bit nervous about my intentions. I can be happy for hours in Westminster Abbey, walking slowly from tomb to tomb and refreshing my memories of history and literature.

It is wonderful to walk through the city's erratic streets and come unexpectedly upon a Wren church you didn't know was there. Take the elevator to the top of Westminster Cathedral and see the whole city spread before you. You'll be surprised how many landmarks you can recognize, even on your first day in the city. If your heart is good, climb the winding stairs to the dome of St. Paul's and look down Fleet Street, where the words "free press" were first given meaning. Take a look behind you, too, at the vacant blocks where the scars of the Blitz are still unhealed. It will give you a new idea of what courage can be.

Shopping in London is a delight. Cashmeres, of course, and tweeds and leather goods, but even better is a wander through the tiny shops of the Burlington Arcade and Old Bond Street. Delicately wrought antique jewelry, massive handmade silver, old furniture gleaming with the polish of decades of loving care. For men there are tailor-made suits, fashioned from the world's finest wools, at the price of a good ready-made garment at home. Handmade shoes are a good buy, too, if you have the time. They cost more than

ready-mades at home, but they wear forever.

And in London you won't need an "England at Home" agency to get you acquainted. There are the pubs and neighborhood restaurants.

It was an English author who first took us to The Antelope on Eaton Terrace, and we've never ceased to be grateful. Downstairs are the customary two bars, saloon and public, and upstairs is one of the most charming small restaurants in Europe. Retired Colonel Robin Humphreys, who owns the place and runs it with a loving hand, likes to introduce people. Over the heavy oaken tables, where his patrons enjoy excellent simple food and some of the finest wines available anywhere, we have met dozens of Londoners whom we now number among our best friends. Try it—or any of the dozens of similar places in London's better residential areas. You'll go back.

WHEN you cross the Channel to France, you may have an occasional language hurdle, but it will be worth it. The magnificent beaches along the Riviera, the impressive Roman ruins in Arles and Nîmes, or the strange salt-marsh scenery of the Camargue—France's cowboy country—don't have to speak to be understood. Drive through the chateau country along the Loire or visit Les Baux atop its soaring cliffs. Their architectural beauties speak a universal language.

And Paris, of course, is a world of its own. You can never see it all, and I can never describe it all, and neither one of us needs to try. You will have heard that it is expensive, and it can be. But an excellent double room with bath in a good hotel can be had for \$10 a day, including breakfast, and if you have a good pair of shoes and like to walk there are days of free entertainment ahead of you.

Walk through the gardens of the Tuileries and be amazed at the intricate design of the flower beds and the fantastic statuary. Cross to the other side of the Seine and poke around among the bookstalls. Maybe you don't read French, but you'll find thousands of old maps and beautiful prints which will brighten any wall. Make your way into the university quarter and go through the hundreds of antique and second-hand shops where most young Parisians furnish their first apartments. Sit in the morning sun at a sidewalk cafe and enjoy your 20-cent glass of vermouth while the city goes by in front of your eyes.

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buy the *grande cuisine*, of course, but it will provide a delicious soup, an excellent main dish with vegetables, a salad, dessert or cheese, and a carafe of drinkable wine.

If you want your window shopping on the more expensive side, try the Rue St. Honore. There you'll find the city's most expensive *boutiques*, where \$30 scarves and \$60 blouses brighten the windows, and art galleries offer original Ludwig Bemelmans for \$1,000 or Picasso for \$85,000. Stop by Sulka's, on the Rue de Castiglione, where you can buy ties of the most beautiful Lyon silk for \$6, and then wander up to the Place Vendome where the windows of Van Cleef & Arpels and Cartier's glitter with \$2,500 vanity cases and \$200,000 necklaces.

WHILE you're at the Place Vendome, have yourself one splurge, expensive but worth every penny it costs. Drop into the main dining room of the Ritz for luncheon. It's one of the last survivals of true elegance in the world, and when the waiter tucks a cushioned footstool under your feet in that magnificently proportioned and decorated room, you'll know what I mean. There was a time a few years ago when the food left something to be desired, but Charles Ritz, son of the fabled Cesar Ritz, who made the name a synonym for luxury, has returned to take personal charge of his hotel, and the cuisine is now magnificent.

Chances are you'll see, at a small table against the wall away from the window, a little white-haired lady enjoying a substantial meal with a small bottle of champagne. That will be Mrs. Marie Ritz, widow of Cesar, and his partner in the days when he was building the most fabulous hotel chain the world has known. She celebrated her 90th birthday when I was in Paris just a couple of months ago. To me she typifies the elegance of Paris, and of a way of life which is vanishing too rapidly.

Don't spend all your money in France, though, because there is still a lot of Europe for you to see. Switzerland, for example, where every resident of the country feels that he is personally responsible for your welfare, and where every town has its own tourist bureau to augment the already quite adequate services offered by the Swiss National Tourist Office.

If I could visit only one place in Switzerland, it would be Zermatt. This tiny mountain village, nestled at the foot of the soaring Matterhorn, seems to cry out that it is Switzerland incarnate from the moment you step off the little cog train which is the only way to reach it. There are no automobiles in Zermatt, but there are horsedrawn carriages, cobblestone streets, wooden houses bright with

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flower boxes, climbers with ropes and ice axes over their shoulders, and dozens of excellent hotels in every price range. You can climb the Matterhorn, chaperoned by an excellent guide, or you can do as I do—take a chair lift to the top of a near-by hill and walk *down*—and then stroll through the streets and watch the people, drink in the glories of the clear air and incredible scenery, and sit in the cafes and listen to the climbers boast of their skill and daring in a dozen tongues.

You should see Bern, too, while you're in Switzerland, to enjoy its unspoiled medieval architecture, its graceful arcades, its world-famed fountains and clocks, and, far from least, its bear pit, where well-trained animals beg for food from a never-diminishing crowd. And Montreux, a town on the lovely shores of Lake Geneva which exists solely for the convenience and comfort of tourists, and which, under the gentle hand of its local tourist chief, Raymond Jaussi, sees that nothing is missing which you could possibly need for a perfect vacation.

Any guidebook can tell you what to see when you go south to Italy. You know about Rome and Venice, Florence and Perugia and Assisi. But I shall venture one small suggestion: go to the opera in a small Italian town. Don't pay too much attention to the performers:

watch the Italians in the audience. These are people who take their opera seriously, but in no sense regard it as sacrosanct. They feel about it, in fact, much as a Milwaukee fan feels about baseball, and their comments on the performers are likely to be as uninhibited. I have never seen a riot in an Italian opera house, but I have seen a few hapless tenors driven from the stage, and one baritone escorted all the way to the railroad station.

Spain, Greece, and Portugal all have charms of their own, and at prices considerably lower than their more prosperous neighbors.

In Austria, Vienna has the wonderful Lipizzaner horses performing at the Spanish Riding School; the restored Opera House, which is one of the world's finest; and its famous wine gardens. I should probably be ashamed to admit it, but to me Vienna's greatest charm is a wonderful confectionery called Demel, where quite unbelievable creations of chocolate, marrons, whipped cream, preserved fruit, and every other goody known to man would make Gaylord Hauser give up molasses forever. If you don't know the name of what you want, point. If that doesn't work, ask for Mrs. Maria Mosch, who speaks English, but has the unfortunate habit of describing her delicacies in words so glowing that you may

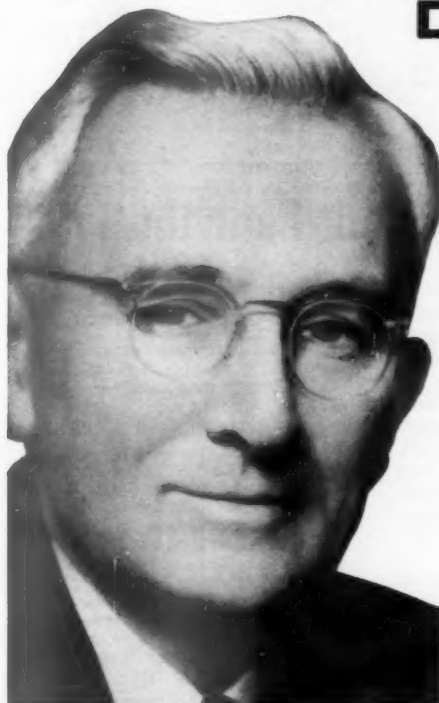
ea. even more than you would have ordinarily, which was already too much!

Wherever you go in Europe, you'll find wonderful souvenirs. I know that is true of the Orient and the Far East and South America, too, but while a shrunken head or an inlaid dagger or even a carved elephant tusk are all very nice, I prefer perfume and lace handkerchiefs and handmade gloves. Franc, at one time or another, has brought home a Mongol saddle from the Gobi Desert, a ceremonial drum from New Guinea, and a temple gong from Thailand. I notice, however, that his English suits, his Sulka ties, and his handmade Spanish shirts seem to get a good deal more use.

I am writing this in Madrid. Looking out my hotel window I can see the beautiful Fountain of Neptune playing in the afternoon sun. In a little while we'll walk to the Plaza Mayor and join the Madrileños in a dry *manzanilla* sherry and a few assorted plates of grilled shrimp, anchovies, olives, and perhaps even a little fried squid to hold us until 10 o'clock, the polite dinner hour. And what are we doing here, we who spend half of every year travelling all the world, writing and photographing every tourist attraction we can find? Why are we in Europe?

We're here on vacation. As I said, it's Europe for me!

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HOBBY Hitching Post

In her article in this issue (page 20) Jean Shor, world traveller and writer, tells what a "listing" years ago in this page meant to her in acquainting her with people in other lands. THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will help you establish similar contacts, if you are a Rotarian or a Rotarian's wife or child, by including your name in his pages in some future month. Just drop him a note—he'll do the rest.

Ann La Rue (11-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in stamps, piano, reading, Camp Fire Girls, autograph verses, riddles), 1808 Benjamin Holt Dr., Stockton 4, Calif., U.S.A.

Jonathan Tannenbaum (14-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen friend in Australia; interested in sports, coins, cricket pictures), 14 Sarel Oosthuizen St., Krugersdorp, Union of South Africa.

Jeanette Kimble (15-year-old daughter of Rotarian—interested in music, sports, dancing; prefers English-speaking pen pals; is able to read Spanish), 903 S. Fredonia, Longview, Tex., U.S.A.

Claudia Lippert (19-year-old daughter of Rotarian—desires pen pals in England, U.S.A., India, Latin America; interests include art, sports, animals), 22 Glendale Rd., Kitchener, Ont., Canada.

Jeanette Edissl (niece of Rotarian—desires university student in U.S.A., Ireland, Italy, France as pen pal; interested in dramatics, music, literature, politics), 595 Frederick St., Kitchener, Ont., Canada.

Genevieve Whitmire (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with English-speaking boys and girls in Iraq and Switzerland; interested in stamps, hiking, history), Box 406, Franklin, N. C., U.S.A.

Bob Rice (17-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes pen pal in Europe, Asia, Africa; speaks English and German; interested in sports, international politics, music, religion), R.F.D. 1, Union City, Mich., U.S.A.

Kamal Sharma (16-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wishes pen pals in France, Canada, The Philippines, Japan, Australia, U.S.A.; interested in movies, film stars, popular English and American songs, stamps), Rydra South, Q5, St. Stephens College, Imperial Ave., Delhi 8, India.

Caroline Gerdes (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals in Europe or Scandinavian countries; prefers people between 17-30 who can speak English; wishes information about historical spots, customs, clothes of European and Scandinavian countries), 6405 Pemberton Dr., Dallas 30, Tex., U.S.A.

Carol Anne Even (16-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with boys and girls aged 15-17; interested in baseball, basketball, swimming, skating, dancing, popular music), P. O. Box 4, Alton, Iowa, U.S.A.

Luis A. Anacleto (14-year-old son of Rotarian—interested in hunting, swimming, tennis, skating), 79 General Luna St., Laoag, The Philippines.

Milagros V. Bulante (20-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals aged 20-30; hobbies are sports, magazines, collecting records, crafts of various countries), P. O. Box 91, Tacloban, The Philippines.

Uma Srinivasan (17-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals in U.S.A., Japan, Europe, Australia; interests include handkerchiefs, postcards, stamps, and curios), 18 Maharaja Surya Rao Rd., Teynampet P. O., Madras 18, India.

Jean Malin (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes English-speaking pen pals outside U.S.A.; interests include stamps, dancing, music, records, swimming), P. O. Box 705, Carlsbad, N. Mex., U.S.A.

Bonnie Phillips (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes pen pals outside U.S.A.; collects foreign dolls; interested in sports, camping, the Bible; likes to sing and read), 11 Hillard Ave., Warwick, R. I., U.S.A.

Ruani Jayasuriya (14-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with young people in U.S.A., particularly California; interested in movies, dancing, popular records, photography, art, fishing, boating), 34, Ward Place, Colombo, Ceylon.

John Honeycombe (21-year-old nephew of Rotarian—wishes pen pal in U.S.A. or Europe; will correspond in English or Italian; interested in travel), P. O. Box 198, Ayr, Australia.

Laurdes A. Santos (25-year-old niece of Rotarian—collects postcards and stamps), 1281-H Bambang Ext., Sta. Cruz, Manila, The Philippines.

Hong Lee (16-year-old son of Rotarian—wishes to correspond with American youths), 173 Ka-Whe Dong, Chong-Ro Ku, Seoul, Korea.

Susan Ulberg (12-year-old daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondents outside the U.S.A.; interested in stamps and postcards), 9514 224th S. W., Edmonds, Wash., U.S.A.

Sandra Thweatt (13-year-old daughter of Rotarian—plays piano and collects stamps), P. O. Box 171, Luxora, Ark., U.S.A.

Jenny Dyason (wishes pen friends in Canada and France aged 18-19; interested in travel, swimming, dancing), 3 North Ave., Strathmore W.6, Victoria, Australia.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM

Rotary Foundation Contributions

SINCE the report in the last issue of Rotary Clubs that have contributed to The Rotary Foundation on the basis of \$10 or more per member, 27 Clubs have become 100 percenters for the first time. (This brings the total first-time 100 percenters since July 1, 1957, to 84.) As of November 12, 1957, \$108,234 had been received since July 1, 1957. The latest first-time 100 percent contributors (with Club membership in parentheses) are:

CANADA

Terrace, B. C. (27); Melville, Sask. (27).

FINLAND

Eura (18).

GERMANY

Hamburg-Steintor (25).

ITALY

Bassano del Grappa (26).

JAPAN

Hofu (21); Okayama-South (41); Yuzawa (32); Asahigawa-West (25).

NEW ZEALAND

Wellington South (35).

SWITZERLAND

Liestal (47).

UNITED STATES

Aurora, Colo. (41); Spirit Lake, Iowa (38); North Colorado Springs, Colo. (29); Niskayuna, N. Y. (40); Troy, Mich. (22); Poteet, Tex. (14); Independence, Kans. (91); San Angelo, Tex. (154); Madison West, Wis. (26); Port Lavaca, Tex. (47); Kearney, Nebr. (47); North East Lincoln, Nebr. (65); George West, Tex. (14); Port Clinton, Ohio (69); Port Huron, Mich. (102); Willows, Calif. (32).



Stripped GEARS



Twice Told Tales

The manager stood before the sales chart. Colored pins indicated the representative in each area. "I'm not going to fire you, Cartwright," he said savagely, "but, by heavens, I'm going to loosen your pin a little!"—*Rotary Bulletin*, RED CLIFFS, AUSTRALIA.

The lecturer in the medical college exhibited a diagram. "Now the subject here limps, because one leg is shorter than the other." He addressed one of the students: "Now, Mr. Jones, what would you do in such a case?" Jones pondered earnestly for some time, then replied with conviction: "I fancy, sir, that I should limp, too!"—*Rotary Bulletin*, RED CLIFFS, AUSTRALIA.

A conscientious mother, determined to form her son's artistic appreciation early, took him to an exhibit of modern paintings. After making the rounds of the first room she asked enthusiastically, "Wouldn't you be proud if you could paint as well as these men, Edgar?"

He looked at her solemnly and said, "I can."—*Rotary News-Reminder*, PAINESVILLE, OHIO.

"I won a prize in kindergarten today,"

boasted little Alice. "The teacher asked how many legs a dog has and I said three."

"You won a prize by saying a dog has three legs?" exclaimed her father. "How come?"

"I came the nearest."—*The Summit*, REVELSTOKE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA.

Secretary on coffee break: "Well, my boss' dictation isn't too bad, but I do have to take a lot for granted."—*Rotary Bulletin*, NORTH FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.

A backwoods community had a reputation for not keeping its ministers for more than three or four months. Finally the bishop sent a young preacher, and after two years he was still on the job.

Surprised, the bishop pressed for an explanation.

Finally, a local townsman replied: "Well, I'd rather not tell you; but if you insist, here's the reason: We folks out here don't really want any preacher at all, and he's the closest we've come to it."—*Rotary News*, FLORENCE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

Revival

The art of conversation

Is not quite dead in truth;

'Twas revived by the lady ahead of me
Inside a telephone booth.

—SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Limerick Corner

The Fixer pays \$5 for the first four lines of an original limerick-contest winner. Address him care of *The Rotarian* Magazine, 1600 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

This month's winner comes from Eugene R. Rossi, a Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania, Rotarian. Closing date for last lines to complete it: March 15. The "ten best" entries will receive \$2.

SHELF SERVICE

*I knew I could do it myself,
So down came my tools from the shelf,
As I said to my honey,
"Just be calm, save your money,*

TRAIN PAEAN

Here again is the bobtailed limerick presented in *The Rotarian* for September: A motorist racing a train
Said, "These railroads all give me a pain.
See that crossing up there?
I will have time to spare,"

Here are the "ten best" last lines:

'Twas a tie, but they won't race again.
(Floyd F. Anderson, member of the Rotary Club of Hartselle, Alabama.)

But he didn't. The moral is plain.
(Mrs. W. L. Kuntz, wife of a Moweaqua, Illinois, Rotarian.)

If I don't, I won't try it again."
(Talmage Gray, member of the Rotary Club of Brockville, Ontario, Canada.)

Now he's payin' in pain for his paean.
(Mrs. R. McLaughlin, wife of an Ashington, England, Rotarian.)

The wig-wag kept wagging in vain.
(Fred Kelly, grandson of a Port Hope, Ontario, Canada, Rotarian.)

When crash—but need we explain?
(Jeanne Butler, wife of a Cumberland, Maryland, Rotarian.)

He is now in another domain.
(Mrs. Arthur Neal Owens, wife of a New Orleans, Louisiana, Rotarian.)

Ker wham! Many pieces. No pain.
(L. M. Buscha, member of the Rotary Club of Lafayette, Indiana.)

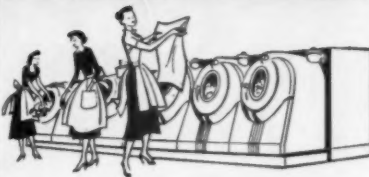
But instead sings a celestial refrain.
(Mrs. R. T. Bentley, Jr., wife of a Fort Smith, Arkansas, Rotarian.)

They're now calling his wife "Widow Lane."
(Gladys Hodgdon, pianist for the Rotary Club of Watsonville, California.)

OWN A LAUNDROMAT

COIN-OPERATED LAUNDRY STORE!

Manage in a few hours a week!



The coin-operated, completely unattended Westinghouse Laundromat® equipped laundry store provides a proved way to increase your income \$4000 to \$8000 a year. It requires only a few hours of management time a week.

Briefly, here's what it is:

- 1 A coin-operated laundry store requires no attendants...all equipment is coin-metered and operated by customers as easily as soft drink vending machines.
- 2 A coin-operated laundry store is often open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. Profits are realized during night and weekend hours when other laundries are closed.

Here's why they're successful:

- 1 Being open day and night...and all weekend long, these stores provide a necessary modern convenience for bachelors, career girls, students and working families who can only do laundry during hours when regular laundry stores are closed.
- 2 Coin-operated laundry stores enable the housewife to save almost 50% on her weekly laundry bill. She can do her laundry chores faster, cheaper, and better than she can at home or by using other laundry services.

Here's what it does for you:

- 1 Because it takes so little of your time, it does not interfere with your regular business or job.
- 2 Depreciation of equipment for tax purposes is rapid and within a relatively short period, you own a going depression-proof business that actually runs itself.

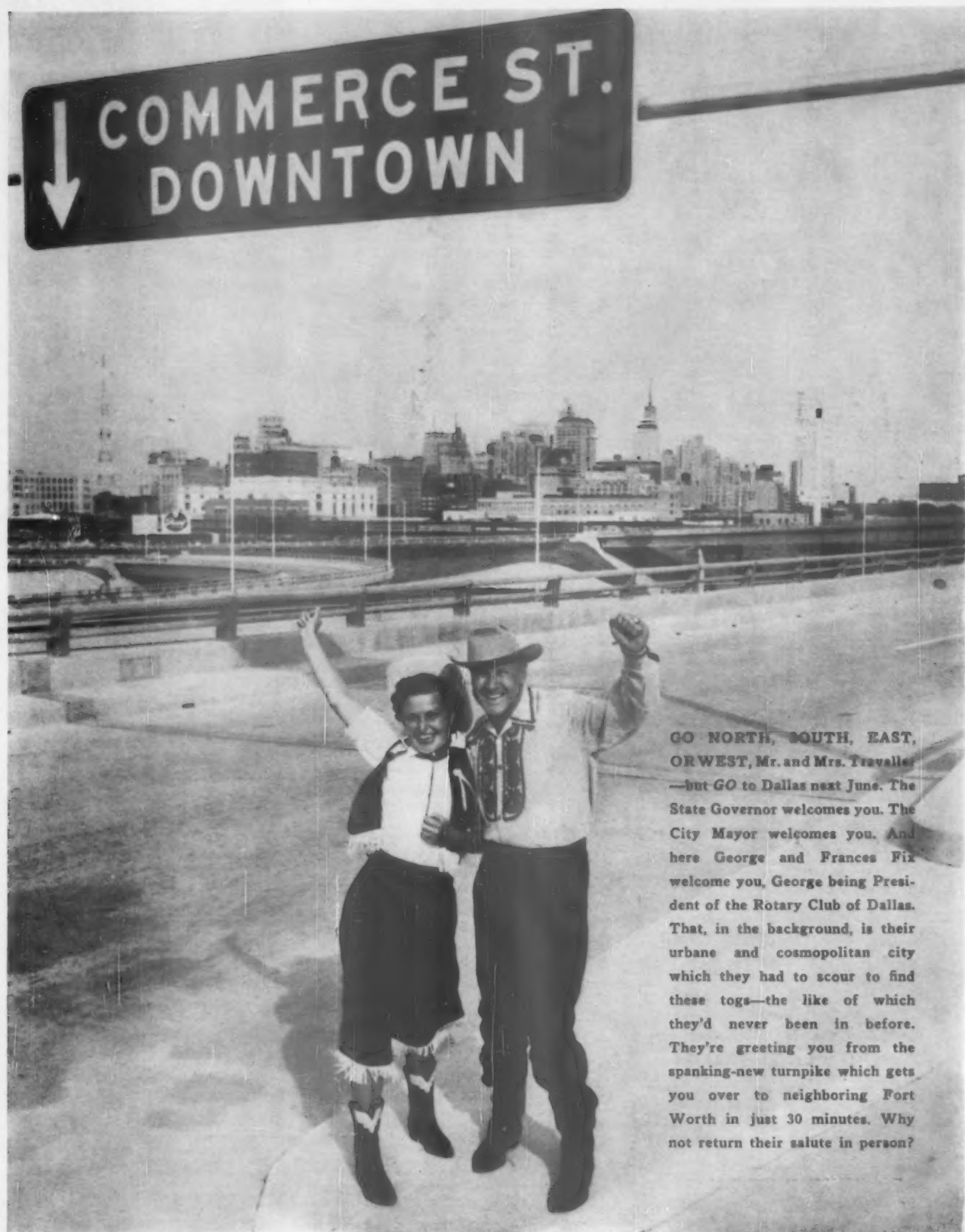
We offer advice, store planning, training and advertising. We will finance up to 80% of the necessary equipment. In the last 10 years, we have helped establish over 6,000 laundry stores...have assisted over 6,000 men and women to own their own profitable business in their own communities.

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

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15757 Wyoming, Detroit 38, Mich.
ALD New York, Inc., 511 W. Coldspring Lane, Baltimore 10, Md.
ALD New York, Inc., 10-32 47th Road, Long Island City 1, N. Y.



GO NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, OR WEST, Mr. and Mrs. Traveller—but GO to Dallas next June. The State Governor welcomes you. The City Mayor welcomes you. And here George and Frances Fix welcome you, George being President of the Rotary Club of Dallas. That, in the background, is their urbane and cosmopolitan city which they had to scour to find these togs—the like of which they'd never been in before. They're greeting you from the spanking-new turnpike which gets you over to neighboring Fort Worth in just 30 minutes. Why not return their salute in person?

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Photo: Rotarian Jas. F. Laughhead

**49TH ANNUAL CONVENTION
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
DALLAS, TEXAS, U.S.A.
JUNE 1-5, 1958**



PRICE DANIEL
GOVERNOR

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
AUSTIN, TEXAS



To all Rotarians:

As Governor of Texas and a fellow Rotarian, it is a privilege to welcome each of you to our State.

I especially extend greetings and best wishes to those of you from other states and other countries. I hope you will enjoy your visit with us, and will return again.

Rotary International represents one of the world's finest efforts for people to work in unity for the highest ideals of service to others, especially in the fields of education and community improvement. Texas is proud to be your host.

Sincerely,
Price Daniel
Price Daniel
Governor of Texas

**COME TO
DALLAS!**

The Rotary Club of Dallas and the Convention Committee of Rotary International are making exciting plans for the Dallas Convention. Addresses by outstanding speakers, discussion forums, and international friendship meetings will be augmented by a spectacular program of entertainment including a "Glamour Rodeo," a Texas barbecue with typical Western food served right out of the chuck wagon, the President's Ball, an evening of music, special entertainment for the ladies and the young people, and hospitality in the homes of Rotarians of Dallas and near-by Rotary Clubs.



E. L. THORNTON
MAYOR

CITY OF DALLAS
TEXAS

Rotarians of the World:

Dallas extends a world-wide hearty Texas welcome to the men of Rotary and their wives for the Rotary International Convention June 1-5, 1958.

Having been an active Rotarian myself, being now an honorary Rotarian, and with a son who is an active Rotarian, I well appreciate and practice the ideals of Rotary. Dallas will be happy to welcome the thousands of representatives of the Rotary spirit who will be our guests next year.

I am looking forward with great anticipation to your visit to our city.

Very sincerely,
E. L. Thornton
E. L. Thornton
Mayor of Dallas

Travel "Texas style"

Texas Chief



to

Dallas

Rotary International

JUNE 1-5, 1958

Pardner here's a mighty good way to travel to Texas for the Rotary Convention next June. The Texas Chief is one of Santa Fe's fine streamliners providing all-room Pullman accommodations, lounge car service and famous Fred Harvey food. We head for Texas each night from Chicago at 6 PM—make plans now to come on along.

For information about Texas Chief service, also special Santa Fe service to the Rotary International call your nearest Santa Fe office or write R. T. (Andy) Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe Railway, 80 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois,